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Things in General.

COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON, who has a great reputation as a military man and a swift dispenser of justice, has just returned from England after an effort to teach economics to a people who are thoroughly convinced that they know all about it. Those who watched the self-imposed task, undertaken with an enthusiasm which as far as Canadians are concerned is unusual, had in the case of Colonel Denison no hope that his mission would pass uncriticized or the work he aspired to do would be unhindered by those of his own people who do not quite agree with him in his fiscal theories. That he was listened to so attentively in Great Britain and was successful in putting Canada's case in so strong a light should make every Canadian grateful who realizes the value of the proper presentation of the Dominion's capabilities and necessities. Colonel Denison is one of the few men born in these native woods who is not a self-seeker. His enthusiasm is entirely his own; it is yoked to no political party, and is entirely Canadian and Imperial. We see his name connected with no great corporations whose interests he is promoting. We know him chiefly as a dispenser of summary justice in the Police Court to those who offend against the laws. As an after-dinner speaker he has few equals, and he is always Canadian; invariably the man sought after when the voice of the country is to be distinctly heard, when some foreign visitor is being dined by those who make a habit of entertaining distinguished travellers. I may be quite wrong when I suggest that Sir Frederick Borden went out of his way to make it difficult for Colonel Denison to tell the people of Great Britain what in this wooden world we think and would like. Sir Frederick has been given a title for doing perhaps what he could not help doing. Colonel George T. Denison has received no title for doing what he has done at his own expense. It is a question which has benefited Canada to the greater extent, but if I were to be given a choice I would nominate Colonel Denison, for he is a most impressive man, full of the energy which would have made a success of any private business; he is consumed by an enthusiasm as well as directed by an intellect possessed by no other man in the Dominion of Canada.

It must be confessed that we need men of this kind, for public offices are filled and public platforms are loaded with men who have private interests to serve. No man working for destiny and giving out the best he has, should be no surer of recognition than a man of Colonel Denison's calibre who went to the Old Country to talk to the people and had an official toe wearing an official Canadian boot pushed out to trip him in his progress. I have no great regard for officialdom. There are many men in private life possessed of more patriotism and ability than those in diplomatic positions. That a man without an official title dares talk cannot be made a social sin in a country where we cannot all be officials. I am not quite convinced that Colonel Denison is right in everything he has found it necessary to say. That is unimportant. That he thinks he is right should be a sufficient excuse for any departure of which he may be accused. The men who accuse him are those whom we rightly or wrongly estimate as being time-servers and opportunists. Against these, as against the genial Colonel whose mental equipment and bodily presence furnish a good representation of Canadian opinion, no charge has been made, while the one volunteer is being pilloried for being brave and self-sacrificing.

THERE appears to be good reason for the outspoken protest of the Rev. Dr. Langtry against the new rule of the Bank of Montreal raising the salary limit upon which its clerks are permitted to marry from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. Dr. Langtry asks what this means, and declares it means that four-fifths of the clerks of this particular bank can never marry at all. Very few clerks in any of our Canadian banks get as much as fifteen hundred dollars a year, and thus a large number of young men of marriageable age are practically forced to give up their present calling or forfeit the right to contract relationships which every rightly constituted young man looks forward to and which men should be hindered from contracting only by reason of some physical or constitutional incapacity. There is another point to be considered. The banks force, or at least expect, their employees to be exemplary and moral men. They expect them, in addition, however, to live according to a standard that their salaries often make it difficult to maintain. The result is that many bank clerks, particularly during the early years of their employment, have to fall back on their parents or other relatives for a part of their support. This is wrong. The banks take the services of young men and propose to pay them half in money and half in the respectability which their calling confers. The system is different from any that ordinary business concerns have found workable or proper. To cap the climax the banks dictate upon what salary a man in their employ can reasonably expect to keep a wife and family. Up to a certain point this may be right and it may be practicable, but in placing the salary limit at \$1,500 a year and in thus laying down the rule that upon a less sum a man cannot keep house, it seems to me that the Bank of Montreal is cultivating extravagant and dangerous notions among its own employees and among such employees generally. If young men in positions of trust are to be placed beyond the temptation to speculate and speculate it is necessary that an example of frugality should be set rather than an example of the reverse, such as the new fifteen hundred dollar rule may be construed to be.

THE fast Atlantic line service has become not only a Canadian but a British and intercolonial proposition. That it can be conducted within lines of British fiscal administration cannot very well be pretended. All observant people must have noticed that the lines of trade in the New World are conducted on a principle which is not in existence elsewhere. British bottoms must carry to British ports British imports which are to receive preferential treatment. Such a system might occasion a jolt to British commerce, but in the end it would make the trade entirely our own, which is the chief thing that we can hope for in a time of combinations, when everything except that which is legislatively controlled becomes the property of mergers and self-seekers who desire nothing but profit and obtain it at the expense of the consumer who pays the freight. This is a situation in which Canada does not desire to find itself.

ON Friday morning of last week I was surprised to meet myself at a hanging party down at the Toronto jail. Three times previously I went to similar functions, not, I believe, with any morbid curiosity, but with a newspaperman's desire to give his readers the benefit of the fullest possible experience. On the three previous occasions the convicts escaped, one by suicide and the other two by reason of reprieves. When a ticket was given me to see the ending of Fred Lee Rice I had a vague impression that something would happen to prevent the execution, but was at the jail an hour before the hour arranged for the final act of a tragedy which is too well known to need description. My interest was mostly in the people who cluster about incidents of this sort, and I was seated in the corridor of the jail near the door before the earliest arrivals began

to disturb the turnkey. Naturally something of an air of importance develops in a jail functionary when he is admitting those whose tickets entitle them to see an execution. Both of the men on duty would have been physically entitled to positions in the Tower of London, where the Beef-eaters who wear such extraordinary uniforms are men of ponderous build. The key which was used to unlock the front door must have weighed several pounds, and reminded me of the huge turnstile machines of the Old Country and Spanish America, where no one thinks he has locked a door unless the bolt shoots into its socket with a thud like a miniature clap of thunder. The key used in a Yale lock is so small in size that it would be lost in a vest pocket, yet it does the work in a vastly more effectual manner. A pinch of powder in one of those huge locks would blow it all to pieces, while a Yale combination would hardly be disturbed by all the powder that could be inserted in a keyhole. The gentleman with the huge key and the large responsibility of permitting people to enter was, however, so courteous and good-humored that the ridiculous nature of his badge of office passed unnoticed and the thud of the bolt seemed to get on nobody's nerves.

After a while other people attached to newspapers gathered around and adjourned to the courtyard, where a scaffold, as hideous as anything could be made out of rough lumber, stood in one corner. A man with a large moustache and a Prince Albert coat of black material was chat-

chief was placed over the condemned man's head, and the rope was so placed as to make it appear as if his head were tied up in a black garment. With the words, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," the trapdoor opened and young man Rice went down. I had no further curiosity, did not seek to view the remains, though I am told that the culprit died from strangulation rather than the displacement of the transverse ligament. I cannot say that I blamed the hangman much more than I did the officials, for really they are all a part of the machinery which provides for the removal of those who are dangerous to the peace and well-being of the community.

I mentioned the surprise that I felt at meeting myself at a function of such a sort. I hope it will not be taken as an expression of disrespect when I say that I have been at lynchings where the party was quite as select as the one which assembled on Friday of last week. The community always has a tendency to organize itself, and at such illegitimate hangings as I have been privileged to attend there has always been a busy person whose function seemed to be that of Radcliffe, and a severely official personage who, despite the illegitimate nature of the proceedings, somehow was given the position and adopted the air of the sheriff, while almost invariably the half-dozen who were next to the taking off of Rice have had prototypes in the sudden deaths arranged by an outraged community. It is a mistake to imagine that there is a rage and noise evinced

were—a horrible evidence that even on the verge of death a man will still persist in lying. We got the horses back and let the Mexican go free, though it is said that his confederates killed him before another sunset cast its shadow over the bottom lands of the Rio Grande. That experience robbed me of much of my belief in criminals, but the event was not one that I cared to have revived by seeing an execution conducted under the statutes of the Dominion of Canada in the most regular form.

Speaking of haunting things which recur to one's mind in sleepless moments at night, or when one is dwelling upon current topics, I think there is nothing more insistent than Oscar Wilde's poem entitled "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." From this ballad I have taken a few verses—the whole story is a very long one—and the weird reiterations and strange suggestions which belong to the atmosphere of the event seem to me to enable us to understand the whole suggestion of imprisonment and punishment.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh;
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame
On a day of dark disgrace,
Nor have a noose about his neck,
Nor a cloth upon his face,
Nor drop feet foremost through the floor
Into an empty space.

He does not sit with silent men
Who watch him night and day;
Who watch him when he tries to weep,
And when he tries to pray;
Who watch him lest himself should rob
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see
Dread figures through his room,
The shivering Chaplain robed in white,
The Sheriff stern with gloom,
And the Governor all in shiny black,
With the yellow face of Doom.

He does not rise in piteous haste
To put on convict clothes,
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor
Gloats, and notes
Each new and nerve-twisted pose,
Fingering a watch whose little ticks
Are like horrible hammer-blows.

He does not know that sickening thirst
That sands one's throat, before
The hangman with his gardener's gloves
Slips through the padded door,
And binds one with three leathern thongs
That the throat may thirst no more.

He does not bend his head to hear
The Burial Office read,
Nor, while the terror of his soul
Tells him he is not dead,
Cross his own coffin, as he moves
Into the hideous shed.

He does not stare upon the air
Through a little roof of glass;
He does not pray with lips of clay
For his agony to pass;
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek
The kiss of Caiaphas.

With sudden shock the prison-clock
Smote on the shivering air,
And from all the gaol rose up a wall
Of impotent despair,
Like the sound that frightened marshes
Hear
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most fearful things
In the crystal of a dream,
We saw the greasy hempen rope
Hooked to the blackened beam,
And heard the prayer the hangman's
snare
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him so
That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the bloody
sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

And he of the swollen purple throat,
And the stark and staring eyes,
Waits for the holy hands that took
The Thief to Paradise;
And a broken and a contrite heart
The Lord will not despise.



A FISH STORY.

While the fishermen of Toronto and vicinity are telling fish stories of the "whoppers" that got away, that surely weighed pounds, we submit for their inspection a bass that did not get away. One of the best known fishermen in Western Canada is Mr. G. M. King, of Rossland, B.C. During the summer months he fishes for 25-lb. salmon and 6-lb. trout, and last year tackled the big sea-bass of the Pacific. He was fortunate during the third day's fishing to hook this monster sea-bass. With a 14-ounce chub rod he fought this 18-pound bass for two and three quarter hours, and pulled it to the boat, where it was killed.

ting cheerfully with the forty or fifty people present. His attitude and actions reminded me very much of a preacher at a tea-meeting; he was evidently trying to make himself agreeable to everyone. A newspaper acquaintance told me that this was Mr. Radcliffe, the public hangman, and offered to introduce me to him, a favor which the atmosphere of the moment impelled me to decline. A group of black-garmented officials entered the jail yard with a clean-shaven young man in their midst, whom I at once recognized as the central figure of the event. His arms were strapped behind him and he walked in a dazed, stupid fashion which indicated that something had been used to provide him with sufficient courage to go through the ordeal without making a more painful scene than the law considered necessary. His walk had in it that rather peculiar gait which is recognized as the first stage of locomotor ataxia, when a man appears to be walking on a soft rubber carpet or cotton-wool and steps higher than is necessary. His ashen face, which it seemed to me had been stiffened by either a hypodermic or the use of a considerable stimulant, gave one the horrible impression that he was on the verge of hysteria. I am quite sure if he had opened his mouth to say anything that he would have shrieked—his only safety was in absolute silence—and he kept his eyes tightly shut as men do who are in a strong blaze of sunlight. The unnatural solemnity of the sheriff and the half-dozen men who surrounded the convict on the scaffold was enough to inject a horror into any spectator. The rope, which was coiled above the head of the condemned man, kept in place by a slender string, bumped about his head as he stood under it, and I think it must have impressed everybody who went through this terrible moment with Rice that the touch of the hemp must have inclined him to issue a series of screams which would have made that jail yard tremble. Hangman Radcliffe fussed around in a businesslike manner, and the Lord's Prayer as it was repeated on that scaffold, winding up with the click of the lever which dropped into oblivion a bad young man who travelled with fallen women and desperate companions, was one of those mechanical recitations which will make it exceedingly unpleasant for me to ever hear the same prayer again.

Before the noose was adjusted a large black handker-

chief was placed over the condemned man's head, and the rope was so placed as to make it appear as if his head were tied up in a black garment. With the words, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," the trapdoor opened and young man Rice went down. I had no further curiosity, did not seek to view the remains, though I am told that the culprit died from strangulation rather than the displacement of the transverse ligament. I cannot say that I blamed the hangman much more than I did the officials, for really they are all a part of the machinery which provides for the removal of those who are dangerous to the peace and well-being of the community.

THE Iron Moulders' Union have refused to grant the additional apprentices asked for by the Master Moulders. It appeared to the masters that for every six moulders an apprentice should be allowed, but these gentlemen who cast iron, and appear to be cast-iron in their methods, have decided that only one moulder in eight shall have an apprentice instead of one in six, as the masters desired. I would like to ask these gentlemen who have been forced by their Southern brethren to exclude negroes from the moulding fraternity, what is to become of the youth of this country if they are to be driven from every trade by the necessities of unionism. In what particular walk of life are they to be provided with situations? If those who have the control of the crafts in which fathers of boys have been educated are to exclude them from being brought up in their fathers' business, where are they to go? It may be necessary to confine the output of iron, and limit the number of moulders, but who is to limit the number of children and define the necessities of the growing boys? Do moulders believe that the population is to be limited to suit the necessities of their union, or do they propose to make tramps and outcasts of everyone who is born into the trade exceeding the ratio of eight to one? With a brutality and selfishness that is perhaps usual in the conduct of union organization, the moulders have shown the world that many, if not the majority of their number, are willing to exclude black men and those who happen to be born to the excess of eight to one, or probably if better expressed, of one to eight, for no boy can be employed according to the ruling of the benevolent brotherhood in excess of one apprentice to eight journeymen. They are willing to adopt other varieties of people in their own business, but they have taken no measures to make themselves a responsible body. Summarized it may be said that like every other labor union they are anxious to keep the craft to themselves, exclude apprentices, and make it convenient in case of strike or altercation with employers to have the whole thing in their own hands by affiliation with semi-skilled workmen who might prove fateful in time of conflict.

THE inquest on the McIntosh building has revealed the fact that many occupants of buildings in the city of Toronto who pay large fees for insurance are doing little or nothing to prevent the killing of firemen and the causing of great expense to the insurance companies. The occupants of the particular building under inquest may have thought they were doing all they could. The firemen may have been sure that the inspection of the building had been adequate. The result which had five deaths in its list proved that either the inspection was inadequate or the firemen were poorly disciplined. It is immaterial which view those in charge of the fire department may take. The public who are being asked, and have so cheerfully responded in the matter of providing for the families deprived of their wage-earners, have a right to question the skill that was shown either in the inspection of the building or the handling of the brigade. There is a weakness somewhere

which needs a remedy. Throughout the whole city enormous fees are being charged by insurance companies in cases where the fire protection is good, the buildings sound, and the opportunities for salvage great. That the innocent have to pay for the guilty is an axiom in insurance as well as in other matters. That the innocent, the well-intentioned, and those whose moral risks are out of question are paying for buildings which do not deserve the high rate of insurance which they are being charged, must be admitted. That the one under discussion belonged to any of these classes can not be alleged; but it is alleged, and deservedly so, that many insurers who cannot afford to have their buildings either attacked or ruined by fire are paying for the possibilities of those who could probably better afford to have their buildings burned than to keep on paying heavy rates; this is beyond question. The whole matter should be examined thoroughly and a better adjustment of insurance rates made in this city, which has outgrown the village proposition that those who insure must settle whether they can stand a fire or not.

ONE of the questions of the week is the attitude of the highly paid hiring of the city who has been able to obtain undue prominence by the repetition of his resignations and withdrawals. Where at the present moment is James L. Hughes? Is he Inspector of Schools, or is he making preparation to go out on a vacant lot in Tamarack township and jam the knot-holes of the trees full of educational wind? A man who has become ridiculous in the eyes of the people who employ him and the children under his charge ought to feel that his usefulness is gone. The children who look at him will wonder whether he has resigned or if he is being besought to stay. Where is this chesty gentleman, and where will he be when he meets the scholars who return to school for the Fall term? Will he occupy the posture of the sand-lot orator or the man who is in charge of the educational interests of the chief place in Ontario? He has made himself and his friends exceedingly ridiculous and the absurdity of the situation could only be made more endurable by some more definite declaration than has yet been given to the public.

OUTLAW TRACY, who has not yet been captured, though for more than a month he has had the sleuths of two States at his heels, to a certain extent challenges the respect of the public. Nothing but consummate daring combined with fine strategy and perhaps with a certain element of good luck, could have kept this remarkable criminal out of the clutches of his pursuers so long. It all goes to show that the qualities that make for proficiency in crime are often the same as would yield success in legitimate pursuits if rightly applied. The love of liberty is one of the strongest motives that can impel a man. It is something everyone understands, and a brave fight to be and remain free, as in Tracy's case, seldom fails to strike a responsive chord and awaken a certain degree of admiration, not to say sympathy. The way Tracy is regarded by a good many people, apart from considerations of his criminality, is shown by the case of the New York youngster who started out for the West in order to lend a hand to the notorious outlaw and was intercepted at Chicago and shipped back to his parents. In the eyes of this boy the escaped convict who has terrorized the neighborhood of Seattle is as great a hero as any of the great figures of history. This is just where the danger of the highly-colored newspaper reports that have given the man his reputation comes in. Weak intelligences are led astray into supposing that Tracy is really a hero. In truth he is a depraved and blood-stained criminal. His warfare upon society is devoid of the first element of the heroic, because it is wholly and solely selfish, and only those who dare or suffer for others can be credited with heroism. It is all very entertaining and picturesque to read of Tracy's triumphs in eluding or beating off the arm of the law, but when we sit down and figure out what these victories cost the man himself—the hardships, privations and fears he must experience—there is not one of us who would exchange the most humdrum and colorless existence for all the excitement and notoriety of the bold brigand's life.

THERE has been a terrific stirring up of educational waters in the United States owing to the discovery of wholesale "cribbing" in the recent entrance examinations at Princeton University. It seems to be admitted that in every examination where there is the slightest opening for such work, a certain amount of cribbing goes on. This is not an encouraging state of affairs to contemplate. There should not be an opportunity for copying in any examination, and when there is the examiner, it is usually safe to assume, are at fault. But the boy who takes advantage of such an opportunity is more fool than knave, because he does infinitely more injury to himself than he does injustice to others. The boy who starts out on his college career by cribbing and other forms of shirking, is pretty certain to keep it up all through life, if he gets the chance, and he will come away from school, possibly with a degree, which means nothing in the world's conflict, but with a warped conscience and a habit of dishonesty which are likely to rise up against him all through life. A man who has been a sham, even as a schoolboy, is likely to remain a sham to the end of the chapter. He wants things he has not earned and looks for them as his right. He parades superficial knowledge and seeks to appear to be what he is not. The hard-headed world has a way of taking the measure of such people in the long run, and even if no worse fate overtakes them they are likely to find themselves discredited, distrusted, or laughed at, and as unsatisfactory to themselves as to other people.

THE disposition of colonial, intercolonial and imperial affairs by those who have these matters in charge seems to me a matter unsuitable for discussion at a lecture like the present. Probably everyone in Canada, if the depths of his prejudices were sounded, would have a very strong opinion, which, if expressed, would embarrass those who are trying to do the best possible thing for the whole nation. Alarmist and sectional expressions seem to me the thing which we should most avoid. Our confidence in those who are leading up to what the public believes to be the best thing for the Empire has been expressed at the polls and should not be weakened by the carping criticisms of those who are likely to misunderstand the situation. It is an axiom that only architects should express an opinion with regard to an uncompleted building and that children and fools should not be listened to with regard to an unfinished design. There will be plenty of time after we discover by their actions the impulses which have guided our chosen representatives in the Coronation Conference, and it seems to me that some of the Canadian newspapers are showing altogether too much haste to have something to say. It is quite possible that the expression of an immature opinion may have some effect on the action of the Conference, but it is unlikely, and, worst of all, it is in exceedingly poor taste.

Social and Personal.

The Hanlanites and West Islanders, remarking that it was about time for them to do something, set about arranging a series of hops, which are to balance the Friday dances of the Center Islanders, and have been fixed for Tuesday evenings. Should the success of the first one, which took place on Tuesday, be a prophecy for the future, the good people of Center Island will find they have a powerful rival. The invitations to the initial dance read "in the hotel ball-room," which sent some of the city guests poking about the balconies of Hotel Hanlan, where a concert by some singers was in progress. The dance, however, was given in the Rowing Club's fine ball-room, secured for the Tuesday hops by the able committee. It is quite an airy and lofty assembly hall, with balconies and an excellent floor, and there were just enough guests to fill it. Genial George Dunstan and jolly Harry Darrell, Ernest Macrae, and several other seasoned West Enders were capital hosts. The ice cream and such light refreshments were served in

an ante-room, and the music was good, some of the new waltzes particularly pretty. The very juvenile element was replaced by a good many exceedingly bright and good-looking married folk, and there was dancing of the merriest in certain sets of Lancers, which quite gave them the right to be classed as "fast dances." Among the pretty women were Mrs. Darrell, in a smart white gown and Devonshire hat with white plumes; Mrs. George Dupstun, in a dark skirt and white and pink blouse; Mrs. Wedd in a very smart gown and chapau, and the other beauty of the three, Miss Garvin, tall and graceful, and with her sisters, Mrs. Darrell and Mrs. Wedd, very stunning summer belles. Miss Michie and Miss Annie Michie, from Wellington place, were in white, and Miss Michie of Euclid avenue, lately returned from a long sojourn in Europe, was very pretty in white organdie, with insertions of black lace. Miss Cowan of London was a very handsome visitor in a remarkably pretty and becoming frock. Miss Margaret Thomson, who is with her nephew and niece at Hotel Hanlan for the summer, wore white and blue muslin, a very handsome gown, and had Miss Sinclair, her guest, with her. Mrs. George Gooch looked very well. The Misses Lamont, the Misses Fastwood, the Misses McArthur were Center Islanders who graced the dance. Miss Miln also looked bright and dainty, and Miss Francis, as pretty as usual in a crisp white muslin with lace. Mrs. Sowden wore a turquoise blue summer frock, and her pretty fair hair was becomingly dressed. Mrs. Victor Armstrong wore a smart white pique. Mrs. Dennis also looked exceedingly nice. The Misses Graham and Mildred Stuart were much admired. Some of the men were Mr. D. Wald, Mr. Alley, Mr. Grubbe, Mr. Marsland, Mr. Dewar, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Armstrong, Messrs. Lamont, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. W. Hyslop.

Mrs. Cattermole of London is the guest of her son, Dr. Cattermole of Spadina avenue.

Mrs. E. F. Clarke and her family are in Muskoka. Mr. Clarke came down to town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepley and their daughters went to the Royal Muskoka on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Crowther are at their beautiful Island, Fairview, Lake Rosseau. Master Percy Beatty is visiting them. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty are going to Muskoka next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Pittsburg passed through Toronto last week en route to their lovely home near Beaumaris. By the way, a correspondent is informed that Beaumaris is a Welsh name, not a "wrongly spelled" French one. Mr. and Mrs. Miller have an ideal home near the big Beaumaris Hotel, and have brought up one of the fastest launches that ever ran in Muskoka waters. It's a real racer.

The Muskoka Lakes Regatta Committee will, as usual, hold their big event on the Civic Holiday, and there will, I fancy, be a record attendance.

Two weddings have been quietly celebrated since this column was last filled, one particularly interesting to Toronto folk, as both bride and groom are prominent and popular in "le monde ou l'on s'amuse." Last Saturday at St. George's Church Mr. Henry Osborne of Clover Hill and Mrs. Bath (nee Francis) were married, three clergymen officiating, and on Wednesday Mr. Reginald Brock of Montreal, son of Mr. W. R. Brock, M.P., of Queen's Park, and Miss Doreen Dent, daughter of Colonel Dent of England, were made one. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will reside in Rosedale and Mr. and Mrs. Brock in Montreal.

"Society," so far as it remains in town, is given so much to outdoor life that if one wants to see one's friends it is only necessary to take trolley, wheel or carriage to the golf clubs or Country and Hunt Club to find what smart people are left in residence in Toronto during the vacation. Every night, "w.p." there have been dinners at the Hunt Club and the Toronto Golf Club, each rendezvous having a charm of its own, though there is a wider interest and a more sporty atmosphere at the former beautiful resort, the latter dealing only with the matters of golf, while the "noblesse animal," his lesser friend the dog, while the interests of the hunt and the race-course, were the great first cause of the building of the Hunt Club house and all its charming accessories. What people did before they had the Hunt Club to go to is the question they often ask themselves. Its superior attraction robs the city clubs of their habitues, and gives the women an equal share in the club benefits, which of course they never enjoyed before its inception.

An exceedingly pretty dinner, one of many such, which is notable on account of the interest attached to its "guests of honor," was given by Mr. George Tate Blackstock on Tuesday evening at the Hunt Club. The table was set on the verandah, and was prettily decorated with pink carnations, and the guests numbered fourteen. Mrs. Van Ransselaer Cruger of New York, whose pen-name of "Julien Gordon" recalls many clever articles; Mrs. Porter of Niagara Falls, and Mr. Runkin, a magnate of the same locality, were the out-of-town guests, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar, Mrs. McKeggie, Mr. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt made up the party.

Golf is not the only game which takes up the time of society. Bowls always prove an attraction to the older men folk, and some of the club bachelors. A bowling green is one of the prettiest places of the lot, and the game, unlike golf, may be comfortably watched and followed by the "lazy ones" from some convenient perch. The bowling green at the R.C.Y.C. Island house, with its west skirting terrace and double balcony, is the best specimen of this sort of thing in Toronto. Here the fair sex and the non-bowlers, the lovable and the lazy, find a pleasant place to while away the later afternoon hours. If time is of no moment, they can linger there for a tasty and nicely served dinner, and after having been startled out of a week's growth by the proclamation of the sunset by the yachtsmen's brass cannon, they may enjoy the quiet moonrise and the cool and delightful air from bay or lake until an extra emphatic "bat" from the dainty little "Hiawatha" warns them that their last chance to get home is imminent.

On next Monday evening the second summer hop at the Yacht Club Island house is to be the attraction for the young people. There are several nice little dinners being arranged for, and although Luna is out of business just now, the increasing temperature is a good incentive to city folks to cross the bay betimes and spend the coolest evening possible at this season. There is a good deal of yachting talk going on just now, and it is quite possible (and somewhat excusable, say the culprits), for a dancing man to stray down to the lower balcony on hop night and become so immersed in racing chat as to quite forget his partners upstairs.

St. George's Church was the scene of a lovely little wedding on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Henry Campbell Osborne, eldest son of Mr. J. Kerr Osborne of Clover Hill, and Mrs. Marian Bath (nee Francis) of Beverley street were married. Rev. Professor Clark of Trinity College (Mr. Osborne is a Trinity graduate, who was very popular). Rev. Canon Cayley, the rector, and Rev. Marmaduke Hare, D.D., performed the ceremony. The bridal party, with the exception of one of the ushers, was entirely a family group. Mr. Ewart Osborne of Clover Hill was best man, the Misses Francis, sisters of the bride, were bridesmaids, and her brothers, Dr. Francis of Baltimore and Mr. Britton Francis of Ottawa, shared with Mr. Casey Wood the pleasant duty of ushers. The service was fully choral, and as Mrs. Bath was for some time a member of the choir, the organist and singers all felt that their best efforts were due in the render-

ing of their part of the service, which was most artistically performed. Dunlop had decorated the fine old church with exquisite white flowers, ferns and palms, and although the company was not large, it was very smart and elegantly turned out. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Gwynn Francis, wore an exquisite dress of pale blue crepe with trimmings of Limerick lace and pearls, and a toque of pale blue tulle with white lace and roses. Her bouquet was of lily of the valley and orchids. Those who know her charming face and pretty eyes and dark hair can imagine how beautiful she was in her bridal gown. The bridesmaids were in pink and white silk with applications of lace, picture hats of "paille argente" trimmed with Banksia roses and touches of black velvet, and their bouquets were of pink sweet peas. Brune and petite these sweet young girls are, and they added greatly to the beauty of the bridal group. After the ceremony Mrs. Francis received the bride and groom and the guests at 90 Beverley street, where the house was decorated with flowers and dainty refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne left by the four o'clock boat for a trip down the St. Lawrence, and are to spend some time at Newport. The bride went away in a dark blue canvas costume, with coat trimmed with Persian work, and silk blouse, and her hat was of burnt straw with quills and green ribbon.

A curious combination of colors has a great vogue this summer. It is deep blue, of a vivid tint, and grass green of the greenest. This is carried out in blue silk gauze veils with wide borders of the brilliant green, and has been seen on half the smart hats worn by tourists this season.

An "American" visitor was defending the right of the republicans to the title as quoted above. A woman quietly remarked, "Why don't you call your President the President of America, then?" and the grab at the continent was promptly loosened.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Heath and their family are summering in Muskoka on Lake Joseph. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Kirkpatrick have gone to Muskoka.

Unique among the West Island residences is the beautiful home of Dr. Charles Sheard, where Dr. and Mrs. Sheard and their bright boys enjoy a pleasant summer. There is not the piquant coloring nor quaint architecture of Mr. Massey's home in Dr. Sheard's residence. It is pure



white, airy, cool, spacious and delightful. Just as our artist was ready to snap a picture, with the boys in possession of the verandah, it was time "to go and meet father," and away they sped to the boat, leaving their playground deserted.

Dr. and Mrs. Winnett have returned from Europe.

Mr. E. Eddis of Chicago is visiting his people at Albany Lodge, in Rosedale.

A little Torontonion has arrived to Mr. and Mrs. J. Hotchkiss Osborne of Philadelphia, who are spending the summer here. The baby boy is doing well.

Dr. George A. Peters, Major T.M.R., has been granted leave to travel abroad from August 1st to September 6th.

Mr. J. Kerr Osborne went up to the Royal Muskoka on Saturday night and returned to town on Tuesday. His little son is with his nurse, at the hotel. Mrs. Osborne has also been spending some time there but came down for the Osborne-Bath nuptials on Saturday, and does not, I understand, return.

Mr. Alfred Beardmore is rusticiating in Muskoka.

At St. George's Church, Montreal, at noon on Wednesday, the marriage took place of Miss Dorothy Dent, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Dent of Merthorpe, Yorkshire, England, to Mr. Reginald Arthur Brock, son of Mr. W. R. Brock, M.P., Toronto. The ceremony, for which no invitations were issued, took place very quietly in the presence of relatives of the bride and groom and of a few interested onlookers. Rev. George Johnson officiated, assisted by Canon Welch of Toronto. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white satin, veiled in white chiffon and trimmed with orange blossoms and old Hemon lace, the gift of her mother. Her veil was of tulle, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. Her attendants, Miss Sally Stephen and Miss Muriel Brock, sister of the groom, were daintily gowned in light blue voile, much tucked, the skirts made with hip yokes of cream lace, the same lace trimming the bodice. They also wore sashes of blue satin ribbon and blue gauze hats. Their bouquets were of white roses. Mr. J. J. Riley and Mr. Donald Cameron were groomsmen and bride's ushers. Mrs. Dent, mother of the bride, wore a gown of black lace, over blue silk, with blue and white hat, trimmed with foliage and roses, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Among the gifts were a cup from the Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, in which Mr. Brock is an officer, and a claret jug from the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

Mr. J. Bruce Broadfoot, Ph.M.B., of Guelph, is holidaying at "Fern Lodge," Port Harvey, Pigeon Lake, Kawartha, the beautiful summer home of Mrs. D. M. Hunter of Toronto.

Mr. O. E. McGaw, manager Queen's Hotel, and Mr. F. D. Manchee, proprietor Arlington, Toronto, have returned after enjoying a few days' fishing at Bobcaygeon, Kawartha.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur H. Martens of Toronto, grandson of the late Edward Fitzgerald, Q.C., and Miss Helen C. Ellis, second daughter of Mr. J. H. Ellis, secretary of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, was celebrated at Drennon Springs, Ky., Saturday last. The young couple are en pension at the Rossin House.

Mr. Walter Denison of "Sandhurst" is going to Muskoka next week for his holidays.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto returned home last week from England. Mrs. Arthur Grantham (nee Mackenzie), who is spending some time with her mother-in-law, at Lake Simcoe, came down for a few days to meet her mother on her return.

Mrs. T. M. Harris and sons are spending the summer at the Royal Muskoka.

Major Cockburn, V.C., Mrs. Thomas Tait, Miss Winnifred Tait and maid, have gone to Maplehurst to spend the summer.



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Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers
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MILLINERY—Hats for all occasions.
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CORSETS—The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon.
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come prepared to be photographed. Here you
will find the finest gallery in Canada. I know
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and wish every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT
to know the fact.

This accounts for my advertising in this
paper. I number some of the most discrimi-
nating people in Canada among my patrons,
and wish more to know me and my work and
its quality.—THE BEST WORK IN CANADA

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ities from grass to Mandukas.

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Turkish, Crash, Cash's, etc. Sizes and
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Guaranteed pure. Castile, Floating Bath,
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All sizes, shapes and prices. Our brushes
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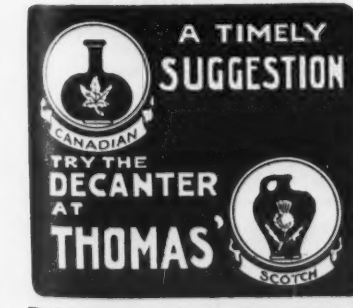
Toilet Waters
Lavender, Violet, Renaisance, Peau
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All kinds. Turkish, Cash, Cash's, etc.,
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Loofahs, Bath Tablets,
Scrubs, Ammonia, Bathrobes, etc.

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467 BLOOR STREET WEST



Social and Personal.

The Island Aquatic Club's dance on
Friday evening was easily the most suc-
cessful one this season. A delightfully
cool breeze made the evening charming
for dancing, and, to add to this, there
was a fine new orchestra, which seemed
to know that time was the essential of
good dance music. The Islanders turned
out en masse, but very few city people
were present. Among the dancers one
noticed Mrs. Arthur Massey, Miss Gra-
ham Stewart, Miss Helliwell, Miss Kath-
leen Taylor-Massey of New York, Miss
Muriel Smith, the Misses Eastwood, Miss
Gillies, Miss Nellie Allen, Miss Louise
Bright, Miss Myrtle Ivey and her guest,
Miss Martin, the Misses McFarlane, Miss
Grace Massey, the Misses Lamont and
Miss Donna Lamont, Miss Taylor, Miss
Pearson, Miss Trees, the Misses Cos-
grave, Miss Francis, Miss Alleyne Birchall
of Montreal, Miss Olive Logan, Miss
Amy Lee, Miss Marjorie Sewell, Mrs.
Morrison, Miss Clara Eby, Miss Coulter,
and Messrs. Spence, Ritchie, Temple,
Gordon, Monck, Warren, Taylor, Carter,
Gale, Rolph, Gillies, Mara, Miller, Field,

Lamont, Fahey, Smith, Proctor, Edwards,
Massey, Francis, Douglas, Smart, Ar-
dagh, Wade, Merrick, Gooderham, Reid,
Lacke, Perry, Mabey, Strong, Mill, Mc-
Kay, Goldman, Findlay, Rutter.

Miss Beatrice Pearson returned home
last week from Brantford. Mrs. Edwin
Pearson and her two daughters left on
Thursday for the seaside for the sum-
mer.

The sad death of Mr. Russell Bilton
was a great shock to his many friends.
He was about twenty years old, very
popular, and a good athlete, being one of
the champion Wellington Hockey Club.

Mrs. George Macdonald is spending the
summer in Muskoka. Miss McKay and
Miss Goldie McKay of Jarvis street have
returned to Toronto for the summer.
Miss Goldie is considerably improved in
health.

Miss Kate Ross is visiting Miss Bell of
Chatham for a short stay. Miss Flo-
rence Ross is in Muskoka.

Miss Pansy Fetherstonhaugh of Cot-
field, Grove avenue, is spending a week
or so with her aunt, Mrs. F. G. M. Fraser,
at Penetang.

Mrs. Neil A. McLean of Ashmere,
Bathurst street, has gone on a trip to
Montreal and the Thousand Islands, in
company with Miss Clara Barrett of
Close avenue, Parkdale, and Miss M. Mc-
Graw of Admiral road. On their return
they will visit Glen Island, Picton, and
the Sand Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bydwell of Admiral
road have left town for Montreal, en
route to Scarborough Beach, Maine, where
they will spend their vacation.

Miss Alice Jackson returned home last
week, after a visit in Welland, and Miss
Helen Jackson has gone to Beaumaris for
a visit.

Mr. W. Wallace Bruce of the Sovereign
Bank of Canada has taken apartments at
the Island, and will move over for the
month of August.

Mrs. A. J. H. Eckardt and family of
206 St. George street left on Monday
last for the Jersey Coast, where they in-
tend to spend the next few weeks. They
expect to return about September 1.

Mrs. John A. McKee and family, of
Walmer road, left on Monday last for a
few weeks' sojourn on the Jersey coast.
They expect to return to the city about
September 1.

Miss Jean Ross of Madison avenue,
with Mrs. Abell and the Misses Ward of
Hamilton, have left for a trip down the
St. Lawrence.

Mrs. John Neville, 225 Crawford street,
and her granddaughter, Grace Webster,
are visiting at St. John's rectory, Port
Hope. Mrs. George J. Webster and her
boy are staying at "Cedar Brae," Kay's
Point, where Mr. Webster will join them
next month.

Mrs. and Mr. Elliott Atkins, with their
young people, are among the cottagers
at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief
Ranger Independent Order of Foresters,
has returned from Europe and looks to be
in splendid health.

Mrs. Walter C. R. Harris and her
mother, Mrs. D. McLaren, with Miss Ar-
morel and Master Walter, are spending
the summer on the shores of Georgian
Bay, at Meaford.

The marriage of Mr. H. William Black
of Malzie, Perthshire, son of the late
Captain Black, Scots Guards, and Miss
Aldyth Lorna Hutton, third daughter of
Mr. J. T. D'Arcy Hutton of Marsk Hall,

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ordinary class may be
readily had.

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Matched Pearls of ex-
quisite lustre, one particular
pair being priced at
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knowledge of the connois-
seur to appreciate their
uncommon beauty. We
have pleasure in showing
them.

Ryrie Bros.

JEWELLERS
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide
Streets, Toronto.

A Valuable Clue.

"Please, sergeant," exclaimed a lady,
as she rushed into the police station,
half out of breath. Then she hesitated.
"What is it, ma'am?"
"I don't like to tell you."
"Proceed. Have you been robbed, or—"
"Robbed, sir; cruelly robbed. Last
night someone stole a lot of clothes from
off my line."
"Just give me a list of the articles
stolen."
"I couldn't do that, for they took two
pairs of—"
"What?"
"Oh, no; I really couldn't say; but,
Mr. Policeman, if you see anybody wear-
ing them, arrest them."
With this brief explanation she de-
parted, and now she is telling all the
neighbors that the police force of this
country are too stupid to detect crime,
even when they get a clue at first hand.

Theory of an Old Angler.

Nine out of ten fishermen believe
that when trout will not bite they are
already gorged with food; but this is not
the case. Even during the off days of
the trout, one will be caught now and
then, but always on bait, and if the an-
gler could see the fish when it takes the
bait he would notice that it does it in a
very perfunctory manner. The trout
does not move out of its way in doing
it, but mechanically takes the bait in
much after the fashion of the sucker.

Then, if the trout fisherman who
makes a catch at such a time will open
the trout and examine its stomach he
will be surprised to find that instead of
the fish being gorged with food, and
hence indifferent to more, its stomach
has not a trace of food in it.

This will be found to be the case in-
variably, and disposes of the belief that
when trout refuse to bite it is because
they are already full of food. It would
naturally be supposed that the best time
to catch trout would be when they are
hungry, but it will be found that when
they are rising best to the fly, or are
taking bait with the most avidity, there

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IN THE ORDER OF DEMAND.

1. "Mrs. Wiggs" - By Helen
2. "The sweetest story ever told." - Hough
3. "The Mississippi Bubble" - Hough
4. "A tale of love, adventure and finance."
5. "Thrill of Left the Lucky" - L'Jencrantz
6. "The Lady Paramount" - Harland
7. "Another 'Cardinal's Sauff-Box' tale."
8. "Sarita the Carlist" - Marchmont
9. "A tale of modern Spain, full of action."
10. "The Right of Way" - By Gilbert Parker

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WASH WAISTS

Each waist is cut and
fitted to the individua
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We guarantee satis-
faction.

MISS MARGARET FRANKLIN

11 1/2 Richmond Street West

is plenty of food in their stomachs, fre-
quently so much, in fact, that it would
seem impossible that any more could be
taken in.

Why this should be no one can tell. It
is a fact, nevertheless, which any fisher-
man may easily verify by investigation.

A New Lincoln Letter.

When Lincoln was in Springfield prac-
tising law, he had a pass on the Chicago
and Alton Railroad, perhaps because he
was attorney for the company. The fol-
lowing letter asking for a renewal of his
pass—"choked him," the old saying
word that Lincoln used—was found seven
years after it was written in a box of
old papers belonging to the railroad, and
was recently published for the first time
in the "Century Magazine".

Springfield, February 13, 1856.
R. P. Morgan, Esq.

Dear Sir: Says Tom to John, "Here's
your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke
it, usin' on it. I wish you would mend
it, case I want to borrow it this after-
noon."

Acting on this as a precedent, I say,
"Here's your old 'choked hat.' I wish
you would take it and send me a new
one, case I shall want to use it the first
of March."

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

The Bishop and the Drummer.

The Right Rev. Thomas Underwood
Dudley of Kentucky, one of the eminent
bishops in the Episcopal Church, enjoys
a good story as well as if he did not
wear the cloth. He tells this one on
himself.

A number of years ago he was going
by train to one of the smaller towns of
his diocese to hold services. He was en-
joying a cigar in the smoker, and upon
the seat facing him was a very large
valise, containing his clerical vestments.
A drummer sitting back of him, noticing
his jaunty traveling cap, leaned forward
and enquired:

"Traveling man, eh?"
"Yes," answered the bishop.
"What house do you represent?"
"The biggest house in the world."
"Shillito's?" (the largest house in Cin-
cinnati) asked the drummer.

"Bigger than that."
"Marshall Field?"
"Bigger than that."
"A. T. Stewart's?"
"Bigger yet."

"Well, what house is it? Those are
the best I know."

"I represent, sir," said the bishop, im-
pressively, "the house of God."

The salesman gave a gasp, then glance-
ing at the mammoth valise, exclaimed:
"Well, all I've got to say is, you carry
a pretty full line of samples."

Crompton Corsets

give the wearer a long, graceful
waist, a hygienic erectness of
form, the most stylish incurve
at back and the smartest dip
effect yet produced.

**POPULAR PRICES IN ALL
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"It is a Fownes'"

That is all you require to know about a Glove
They are made for women and men.
Demand them from your dealer.

Stower's Lime Juice

cools
the blood.

That's why
it quenches
thirst better
than anything
else.

Best grocers sell it.



Are You Prematurely Gray?

Use the Rose Natural Color Compound

It will delight you—not a dye. It is
what it claims to be, a hair color re-
storant—supplies color to the hair by
conveying natural nourishment to the
color-ans, so that the hair gradually
returns to its former rich hue.
—\$1.00 at drug-stores; prepaid to any
—address on receipt of price by pro-
—prietors

THE ROSE TOILET CO., Limited,
Parlors—9 TORONTO ST., TORONTO
Free treatment daily. Gratuitous ad-
vice given by Mr. Rose upon the Hair.
Call or write.

JEFFREY'S ANTISEPTIC TOOTH POWDER AND MOUTH WASH

By the use of this Powder the teeth are not
only cleansed but the acid secretions of the
mouth which are the principal cause of the
early and rapid decay of the teeth are removed.
Manufactured by

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guarantee. In addition to our catalogue
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unless framed
in a silky
and luxuri-
ant coronet
of hair. It
may be that
Nature has
supplied you
with the one
but not the
other or
perhaps from
illness
or other cause your hair may have lost its old-
time appearance and abundance. Perhaps you
have worried how best to remedy this. If so,
we can be of service. Our **POMPADOUR BANG**
is the most artistic and perfect creation so far
produced in hair lines. It is made of the finest
imported natural wavy hair, without any arti-
ficial base, being dressed simply upon a comb.
It is absolutely invisible when worn, even in
the noonday sun. It may be dressed in a trio
of becoming ways—"The Pompadour," "The
American Dip," and the "Suggested Part," and
it can be matched to any shade of hair or com-
plexion. When donned it adds that nameless
tone of elegance that comes only from well-
groomed hair. Almost any hair-dresser can
make Bangs. We haven't been content to pro-
duce the ordinary kind. We have aimed at
exclusiveness, superiority and perfection, and
we offer **THE POMPADOUR** as combining the
most beautiful effects obtainable outside of
Paris.

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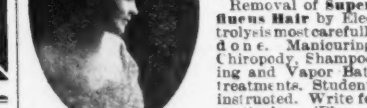
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Treatment.

You will be sur-
prised how much bet-
ter you will feel and
look, after perfect
satisfaction.

Removal of Super-
fluous Hair by elec-
trolysis is most care-
fully done. Manicuring,
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ing and Hair Bath
Treatments. Students
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isfactory testimonials.

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The Corset Specialty Co.

111 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
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Straight front corsets
with higher bust are
more in favor now.
Made to order by experts
designers and warranted
rust proof. Hose sup-
porters attached. Im-
ported Corsets and
Health Waists always
in stock. Repairing of any
make of corset neatly
done.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Quest of the Moonstone.

Half an hour after knocking at the door of Dick Gray's room, Hope Newcome went out again. Dick had been instructed not to mention his arrival. Downstairs the name of the gentleman who had enquired for Mr. Richard Gray of Macaire's party was not known.

Those few words of Dick's—the allusion to the Sphinx's head—had sent flashes of lightning through Newcome's veins. The mission which had brought him through strange vicissitudes and over many thousands of miles had seemed no further advanced, though for months his whole life had been given to it. Then, one day, a man had begged of him in Park lane near Lionel Macaire's house, and Newcome had given the man half a sovereign because he was an American, speaking with a strong Western accent. And the beggar, who was grateful and eloquent, began telling him a queer, rambling story.

For very few ears would it have struck a keynote; the narrator himself knew not the value of his utterances, still less of his silence, or he would not have been begging in the street, because the person from whom he had expected a gift was absent. But Fate had ordained that his tongue should make music in the ear which could understand.

Newcome took the man to a restaurant and gave him a meal, much as Macaire had done with him nearly five months ago in Brighton. Indeed, the thought of that occasion was printed in strong black and white upon his mind. In the midst of the wild elation, for which he could have shouted aloud, there was loathing of the memory that he had broken bread with Macaire not once, but many times. He was living on money which came to him from Macaire, also; and if it had not been for the secret which had darkened his life since boyhood, this reflection would have half-maddened him—believing what he had begun to believe of the millionaire.

But with the knowledge of that secret before him, the money became far more than ever his own. It never had been Macaire's. He now had a right to it, every penny—and more, which he might, but did not mean to claim.

Without letting the loquacious beggar guess that he was a person of importance, Newcome offered to support his countryman until he could get work. The shabby American was to be paid a pound at the end of every week—this, of course, rendering it necessary that "Baron von Zellheim" should be kept in touch with him and in possession of his address.

When this matter was satisfactorily settled Newcome made certain enquiries about Macaire which he had never had the curiosity to make before. He ascertained, apparently in a casual way, when the millionaire had first become known as a millionaire, and traced back his career to a time before he had settled in England.

All this was supplied—yet at the same time it was missing—and Newcome made up his mind that since the work he had to do must be done without bungling, what he had waited for so long he must wait for still. After all these years, what was a day—a week—a month?

From Dick he had the description of the woman who had bought the moonstone, but he was not as fortunate as Dick had been in his quest for her. He could not find her at the Casino.

He did not wish, as things had turned out, that Macaire should know of his presence in Monte Carlo; yet he haunted the gaming rooms for hours that night, running the risk that Macaire himself, or one of Macaire's friends, might stroll in and see him.

When it was close upon eleven o'clock, however, and Newcome had seen no one resembling the picture which Dick had graphically sketched for him, he passed on the description to one of the men at the doors. This person thought he recognized it. The lady whom monsieur desired to meet was probably the Comtesse de Silberry, who was well known at Monte Carlo, coming at least once every twelve months for the past ten years, and staying a month or six weeks. She had been at the Casino all the afternoon, and usually came again in the evening after dinner, staying late; but to-night was an exception. The Comtesse had not appeared. At what hotel she was staying he could not say. But he was obliged for the coin unobtrusively slipped into his hand; and he thought that monsieur would not find it difficult to ascertain the Comtesse's address.

Newcome bought a paper with the list of visitors at the various large hotels. The Comtesse's name was not there. But at the Cafe de Paris he learnt something from a waiter. The Comtesse de Silberry often lunched there. She was a well-known character at Monte Carlo. She was said to be very rich, but she did not patronize the large hotels. She stopped at a pension, and lunched out or dined out when she wished.

Then Newcome turned his attention to the comparatively few pensions of Monte Carlo. He got a list of the principal ones, and late as it was, called at several. At the last the Comtesse had been staying for some time, but had left that very evening. She had received news which called her away at once, and, packing in a hurry, she and her maid had left almost within the hour. The proprietor of the pension knew, or pretended to know, nothing of her movements, save that the train by which she had departed went no further than Cannes. Whether she would go on that night, or whether, indeed, her destination for the present was between Monte Carlo and Cannes, he could give no information.

Newcome took the last train which left Monte Carlo that night for Cannes. His theory was that the Comtesse would proceed to Marseilles and Paris, in which latter place, it appeared, she lived. But there was one doubt in his mind which made him fear that after all he was starting upon a wild-goose chase.

Supposing the Comtesse were but a pawn on Macaire's chess-board? If he were the man whom Newcome sought he might be credited with a hidden motive for nearly every act of his life; and though Newcome had not thought of it until he was in the train, it was not impossible that Macaire knew the Comtesse and had commissioned her to buy the jewel if Dick Gray could be induced to sell it. This would have been a way of testing Dick's integrity, if Macaire had any reason for wishing to break it down; and it would be maddening if, after following the woman across half France, he had to learn at last that the moonstone Sphinx had never really been out of Macaire's reach.

There was nothing to do now but go on, however, and hope for the best. At the station in Cannes Newcome made enquiries. A lady answering the description given had been seen there, but had already gone on to Marseilles by a slow train.

Newcome had to wait with what patience he could muster until morning. Then the chase began again. At Marseilles he could learn nothing of his quarry, but he was so sure now that Paris was to be the Comtesse's ultimate destination that he proceeded accordingly.

At the end of the thirteen hours' journey came another night of enforced idleness; but next day he found out the flat where the Comtesse de Silberry lived in a semi-fashionable quarter. He called at the house, only to be told by the concierge that Madame and her maid had returned but for half a day, departing he knew not where. They had gone away in a fiacre; yes, with more luggage than they had brought home; so much the concierge divulged, and then ceased to be communicative, despite a bribe.

Newcome resigned himself to more wasted hours, and advertised for the driver of the fiacre which had called at such and such a house, on such a date, to take a lady and her maid to the station.

He had but a day to wait, for on the morning of the paper's issue came the answer he wanted. Having learnt the station whither the Comtesse had been driven, it was comparatively simple to obtain the information later that she had gone to Brussels.

To Brussels Newcome followed, only to lose the scent and pick it up again at last, with the intelligence that, after visiting a friend, the Comtesse de Silberry had departed for Spa.

Though it was discouraging to chase a flitting will-o'-the-wisp, the news that the lady had chosen Spa was satisfactory to Newcome. He saw in it an indulgence of an overpowering love for the gambling-tables; and he told himself that he had hurried away from Monte Carlo for fear of losing her beloved fetiche, but was consoling herself at Spa. If she had acted in collusion with Macaire she need not have fled from her Mecca to a lesser Paradise; and Newcome was inclined to think that, if Dick had not hinted at the jewel having been stolen, and the vexation to her certain to ensue, all his troublesome journeyings might have been spared.

The season at Spa was only just beginning; but one could gamble. That was the principal thing.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Story of the Moonstone.

Newcome found out at what hotel the Comtesse de Silberry was staying, and there also. But it was in the gambling rooms that he saw her first. He from Dick Gray's description, for, as it happened, she wore the same poppy-red dress she had worn on the night when the moonstone changed hands; and in her dyed auburn hair were the same diamond pins flashing like fire-flies as she moved her head. But had these signs failed he must still have known her, for on the table almost under her hand was the Sphinx's head, close to the little pile of gold which its magical influence was to increase.

Newcome stood close to her, and risked a few sovereigns. He lost steadily; she as steadily won. Being too striking and handsome a figure to pass unnoticed, the Comtesse saw him, and pitied his bad luck. "If you but had my fetiche, monsieur!" she said, laughing, to show a gleam of false teeth. "If you like, I will lend it to you. Now, try again."

Newcome's hand thrilled as he touched the moonstone. At that moment he might have escaped with it through the crowd, and she could not have detected him. But the woman had trusted him, and meant kindness. He would not, even in playing for such high stakes as governed the game he played in secret, have betrayed the trust.

He would have wished to lose, rather than win, so that the Comtesse might see her talisman was not infallible, and value it the less. Nevertheless, as luck would have it, he won; and with thanks said that he would no longer rob the lady of her fetiche. He would play no more that night.

Next evening he was purposely late for dinner, and, seeing the Comtesse at a small table, he drew near, as if to be seated at the next which was available. As he advanced their eyes met; she gave him a half-bow, which he answered so impressively that with a gesture the old Frenchwoman beckoned him to her. If he chose, he might sit at her table. She would explain to him her system, and if he took her advice he need no longer throw his money away as he had done late that night.

"But Madame has the wisdom of the Sphinx to assist her," he said, smiling as he joyfully accepted the lady's invitation.

This brought up the subject of the moonstone, and Newcome's heart sank as every word the Comtesse spoke be-

trayed the fantastic value she set upon the jewel.

It was not until they had been on friendly terms for three days, dining to gether every evening, that he ventured to take advantage of the favor with which he was evidently regarded. The Comtesse, always ready to talk of the moonstone, had been drawn on to tell him that she had paid a thousand francs for it to a mad young Englishman at Monte Carlo.

"Fancy selling it!" she exclaimed. "Would you not sell it, Comtesse?" Newcome questioned.

She laughed. "Try me." "Suppose I took you in earnest, and offered you a thousand pounds instead of a thousand francs?" "Do you mean it?" "Absolutely."

"No, then, my dear Baron von Zellheim. Not for two thousand pounds. Not for twice two thousand. For, you see, I am fortunate enough not to be in need of money."

"Is there anything that you do happen to be in need of, Comtesse? If there is anything you want that I could get for you, I will get it—provided that you pay me with the Sphinx's head."

"I will exchange it for the Koh-i-noor. Can you get me that?" "I might. But it will take time. Will you lend me your talisman?" "I have never yet lent anything I valued, not even a book, until I lent you the moonstone the other night, without your even asking. I don't know why I did it, unless—it was your eyes, I suppose. I am of a certain age, and I can safely tell you that."

"Will you lend it to me again—for a few days?" "For the tables, you mean, as I use it?"

"No, Comtesse, to carry away to London. I should be only too pleased if you would come, too."

"I never knew so impudent a young man!" said the lady. "Neither I nor my moonstone will go to London."

"It is really my moonstone, if it comes to that," Newcome said on a sudden impulse, speaking with far more coolness than he felt.

The Comtesse's face changed, and she set down her champagne glass to stare at him. "Your moonstone?" She did not know but that he had led up to some jest.

"Mine by inheritance. It was stolen from—someone very near to me."

"Oh!" she paused thoughtfully. "Then—your coming here—our acquaintance—is not an accident?"

"Comtesse, you led me a terrible dance—from Monte Carlo to Paris, from Paris to Brussels, from Brussels to Spa."

"Great Heavens! You are one of those detective people!"

"If I had been, I should have found you sooner."

"And now that you have found me, mon cher ami, it will do you no good. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. You would have to prove that my moonstone was your moonstone. To do that you might have difficulty. And if it were done, I am still a woman. I should find some way of evading the law."

"I don't intend to appeal to the law. But I think, because you are 'still a woman,' if it be against your principles to lend me the Sphinx's head, and you will not sell, that you will give it."

"I would make a big wager that nothing you could say or do would induce me to give up my fetiche of my own free will."

"What would you wager—the moonstone itself?" "Good Heavens, what an idea!"

"Yet if you are so sure of yourself, why not stake it?"

His handsome eyes compelled hers. He was twenty-six, and she was sixty; but he was a man, and as she had said—she was "still a woman." So she laughed excitedly, and the gambling spirit rose within her.

"Yes, I will wager the moonstone itself, if you are clever enough to make me want to give it to you, you shall have it. But do you remember one of the tasks that Venus set for Psyche?—how the great piles of mixed grain had to be sorted, each kind to itself, between sunrise and sunset. You have as hard a task, and there are no grateful ants to help you, Baron."

"There are my own wits—and there's your sense of justice; your womanly sympathy."

"No one had talked in this way to the lady of my dreams for many a long year; yet she listened, and laughed, and was not displeased; but she knew that she would never give up her talisman."

"And how do you propose to make use of my sense of justice with your wits?" the Comtesse de Silberry deliberately asked.

"By telling you a story," said Hope Newcome.

"Is that all? An exciting one, I hope, or I shall remember that in half an hour it will be my usual time for beginning a little game."

"I shall try to make you forget," replied Newcome. "It is exciting enough—at least, it was to the actors. For it is a true story that I shall tell you. A story of treachery and murder."

"Oh—you are sensational."

"Real life is sensational. There are true things stranger than any fiction which people would dare to write. My story begins a long time ago, and I should be afraid it might bore you at first, but my heroine one of the most beautiful women who ever lived. And the love element of the romance comes in early."

"Are you the hero, my friend?" "No. I am only a walking gentleman. But, to begin, or you'll be impatient for the green baize. Once upon a time there was a beautiful young actress, with whom every man who saw her fell in love. Her name was German, for her father was a German nobleman who had married an Englishwoman against the wish of his family; but she had been born and brought up in England, and, as her name was so foreign-sounding and so long, her admirers made a diminutive out of her three initials. She was always called by them, and as she grew famous they grew famous, too. She had the right to a title of her own, if she had cared to use it, but she did not, and very few people in England knew much about the German family from which she was descended.

"When she was still quite a girl she had a very tempting offer to go to America and act, and the offer was accepted. On the ship she met a young man on his way to California to make his fortune, or rather to improve it, for he had about ten thousand pounds which he had just inherited, and wanted to invest in some profitable way. He had had a

dreadful misfortune, shooting a friend by accident, and though it was more the friend's fault than his, and he had been acquitted of any blame except carelessness, he could not bear his old life, and had determined to begin again in a new country."

"There you have the hero and heroine on the stage together; for, of course, the young man fell in love with the actress, and, for the first time in her life, she found herself in love, too. He implored her to marry him and leave the stage, for he thought his ten thousand pounds quite fortune enough to marry upon. But the girl loved the stage, and she had been extravagant, and spent her money as fast as she had made it. Besides, she was under contract to the man who was her manager for two years more, and was decidedly afraid of him. He had taught her all she knew about the stage, and fancied he had a right to order her private as well as professional life, since her parents were dead and she was alone in the world. This manager disapproved of actresses marrying while they were in the heyday of youth and success, for he believed—as most managers do—that unmarried girls on the stage are more of a 'draw' than when they become matrons."

"She had someone else to be afraid of, too, poor girl, though she did not tell that to her lover. She knew he would laugh at that fear to scorn. Only a man she had flirted with a little, because he was so horribly in earnest that he had been amusing—a Byronic sort of person with a handsome, fierce face, and a deformed foot. When it came to his insisting on marrying her she had refused, and he had sworn to kill any man she ever dared to make her husband."

"Somewhat, the threats of this saturnine individual, who had followed her to England from Australia, where she played one year, had made a very strong impression upon her mind, and last impression revived when she fell in love with somebody else. Once in a while he sent her a souvenir of his continued existence; and the last packet she had received from him—a year ago—had been posted from some place, the name being indistinguishable, in America."

"So my heroine refused my hero, and really thought she should be able to part with him; but when they reached New York and she found that she could not keep him dangling about her, she relented. They were privately married, the secret not to come out at the earliest until her contract with her manager expired at the end of two years. After a week or so of stolen meetings she sent him away, as her love was interfering with her professional work; but they didn't expect their separation to be for long, as the company of which she was the star was slowly going west. Her destination was to be California; and when she came near enough they would meet again. Meanwhile, they wrote to each other."

"My hero didn't find any investment to suit him at first, so he put his money in a Californian bank, that it might be handy if he wanted it, and as there was a sensation about a newly-discovered gold region, he went out there and tried his luck."

"But his luck was not good. He saw others round him doing well, while Fortune kept a closed hand for him. Months passed, and at last a letter told his wife that he had found exactly the right thing. A man had met—a splendid fellow, very clever, though eccentric—had bought land, and in prospecting had found gold. But he hadn't money enough to do anything with it, or he would have kept it secret to himself. As it was, he hadn't a soul, except my hero, giving him the chance of a partnership in what would probably prove a tremendous fortune for both. One was the owner of the land, the other would be the financier; and they would share and share alike. The fellow had shown my hero some wonderful specimens, and they were already chumming together. At the end of the letter my hero told his wife the name of his new friend. It was that of the man who had loved and threatened her in Australia, and from whom she had heard a year ago in America."

"Here was a development; and, as you can see, Comtesse, the villain of the piece is on the stage."

"The poor girl was sick with forebodings. Her husband had a miniature of her which he always wore; and he had also a curious jewel which she had given him on her birthday. It was a blue moonstone, cut in the shape of a Sphinx's head, which had been given to an ancestor of her father's by an Egyptian princess. She had had it mounted on a small screw, with her famous initials engraved on a tiny flat piece of gold, and had made it a present to her husband before they parted, 'for luck.'"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Cloven Hoof."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Comtesse, "at last you have come to the moonstone."

She had laid the Sphinx's head on the table, and had been toying with it as she listened. Hope Newcome's eyes and hers were upon it now, and the spirit-light imprisoned within the stone sent up one of its elusive gleams, like an eye answering their glances.

"If I believed in ghosts I should believe that stone was haunted," Newcome said in an odd, low voice. For an instant he had lost the thread of his narrative.

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"I must tell you of a young lady in Illinois. She had been in ill-health for many years, the vital forces low, with little pain. I wrote her of the good that Postum did me, and advised her to try it. At the end of the year she wrote me that Postum had entirely cured her, and that she had gained 40 pounds in weight and felt like herself again."



but quickly he took it up and went on again.

"My heroine knew that the man who had threatened her had seen the moonstone in old days. Even without the initials he would have recognized it as hers, for she had said to him laughingly on the day he had seen it that she was keeping the talisman as a wedding-gift for her husband—if she ever had one. This had been before any stormy scenes between them, but she believed that he would not have forgotten."

"Her only hope was that the name might be a mere coincidence, and she wrote asking her husband to describe his new friend. But the description, when it came, brought no comfort. The man looked rather like Byron, her husband answered. He had a deformed foot, and the miners round about called him in their rude slang 'Cloven Hoof.'"

"Quickly she wrote again, telling the whole story, which she kept from her husband before, warning him to be careful; whatever he did he must not let the other dream that they were married, or even knew each other, if it were not too late for that. And she begged that in any event the partnership might be dissolved. She had a presentiment of evil to come."

"But many days passed, and she got no answer to her letter. She could not sleep at night for terrible dreams; and, at about this time, another great perplexity had come to her. She knew that she was to be a mother."

"All her anxieties made her ill; her tour had to be interrupted in the midst, and engagements cancelled. Then one night she had a dream more horrible than any which had tortured her before. She dreamt that she saw the man with the deformed foot digging a grave for the dead body of her husband, whom he had murdered, and hoped to hide away for ever, with all traces of the crime."

"She told me afterwards—for I heard this story from her own lips—that she must have been half mad. She hardly knew what she was doing until she found herself in the train traveling alone from Chicago—where she had been taken ill—on the way to California and the place where her husband was living with his 'friend.' Without a word to anyone she had stolen away in the early dawn. Had she confessed the truth to her manager, and told him what she wished to do, he would have tried to prevent her from going to her husband, and, in her weak state of health, would probably have succeeded. As it was, he would have followed, no doubt, but he guessed her destination; but she left a note which put him upon the wrong track, and not only did she contrive to disappear, but, as a matter of fact, the mystery which surrounded her disappearance was never cleared up. Circumstances which came afterwards made her desire to remain behind the veil she herself had dropped, and it was never lifted."

"The nearest railway town to the place my poor heroine wished to reach—we'll call it Caxton; it's very like the real name—was thirty miles away. When she got there the whole country was a scene of excitement, and hardly had she been five minutes in the small, rough hotel when she heard a strange story."

"It seemed that two young men who had come out from the East to this part of California had mysteriously vanished within six or seven weeks. They were both well off, and had had a good deal of money sent to them by their friends, who, anxious at not hearing from them for a long time, caused enquiries to be made. They were traced to the neighborhood of Caxton, but no further. Matters had reached this stage when another man also disappeared—the very man whom the poor girl had feared might murder her husband. Yet, judging from the tale she was told, her dream was a contradiction; for her husband had been arrested, and was now held on suspicion of having murdered his partner."

"He, her lover-husband, had been grievously wounded, lying unconscious when he was found; but in a pocket of his coat was a diary which coolly recounted in a cypher easily read by experts the details of the two murders already accomplished, even jotting down a memorandum of the spot where the bodies of his victims (the young men who had recently disappeared) were buried."

"Instantly the girl knew that there had been a terrible plot, but even she could not guess the whole. She had given in the office of the hotel a common name, calling herself 'Mrs. Smith,' or something of the sort, and her face, pale and haggard with illness, anxiety, and the fatigue of her long, hurried journey, was not as striking in its beauty as it had been before."

"She said that she was a distant relative of the suspected murderer, who had been brought to Caxton only that morning to lie in the infirmary attached to the town jail, awaiting his trial. She begged for an interview with the prisoner, and as there was little difficulty in the Far West in those days about granting such a request to a pretty woman, she obtained her wish."

"The poor fellow had been badly wounded, but he was conscious, and was between joy and sorrow at the sight of his wife. They were not allowed to see each other alone, but the thought that she had come to him and loved him, believing him, despite the evidence which others accepted almost without question, gave new strength and courage. He determined that when he had to stand his trial for murder he would make a brave fight for his life."

"But that very night an infuriated mob who believed him guilty and feared that he would not be hanged after all broke open the jail, and took the prisoner out to lynch him. His wife heard the noise, and learnt what was going on from the landlord's son, a reckless fellow who was for hurrying out to see the

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fun. She had brought with her on her journey several thousand dollars which she had saved, and she offered the young man half if he would save the prisoner and help him to escape. It was a big bribe for him; and by raising an alarm that the soldiers were coming from a military garrison not many miles away the trick was done. The mob was robbed of its victim, the rescuer let the lady know that her relative was safe, and in a few days aided her to join him.

"But the great excitement and exertion brought on a relapse, and for weeks her husband lay at death's door. They lived in a rough cabin with scarcely the necessities of life, much less the delicacies needed by an invalid; still, love and faithful nursing pulled him through to a pale semblance of returning health. And there at that little cabin their child was born—a son."

"You were the child!" exclaimed the Comtesse, all her affections forgotten in her interest.

"Yes, you have guessed it. I was the child. And before I had lived a year my father was dead—but not before he had told the true story of the ending of that fatal partnership to my mother.

"His partner and he slept in the same room, and he could hear the other saying strange things in his sleep. His suspicions were roused against the man he had believed in, and he began to associate him with the mysterious disappearances which were so much talked of in the neighborhood. The man said something in his sleep about a 'grave under the red trees'; and my father happened to know that in a lonely spot not far from the mine which was yet to be worked there was a group of pines with peculiarly red trunks. He determined that he would go to the place one day and make a search.

"Perhaps it would not have occurred to him to do this had he not begun to fear that his partner had lied to him about the gold discovered on his property. Gold he had seen, but he had reason to believe it had been brought from a distance and placed where he had seen it for the purpose of tricking him into parting down his money. But it was not yet too late to dissolve the partnership.

"One day 'Clove Hoof' went away, and my father took advantage of his absence to pay a visit to the red trees. Close by there was a cave, and in a hole in the cave, under a great bank of sand and debris, he found not one body, but two. The skulls had been broken in behind with some heavy sharp instrument like an axe, and the bodies had been huddled into the hole dressed exactly as they had died. Their bloodstained clothes had not mouldered away like their flesh. Probably the murderer's courage had failed him before emptying his victims' pockets, or else he had felt so certain the bodies would not be discovered that he had not thought it necessary to do more than hide them: for (determined, to be sure that the accusation he meant to make was well founded) my father searched the pockets of the dead men's coats. It must have been a grim task, but it was rewarded by the finding of letters from the murderer upon one of the bodies, proving beyond doubt that he had been the man to lure the young stranger from the East to his doom. Just such promises as the fiend had held out to my father had he given to his predecessor.

"My father took the letters and thrust them deep into a pocket of his own coat. Then he went back to the house, where he meant to confront the murderer with his knowledge of the double crime. But his partner's journey had been a pretence. The wretch had only gone a short distance, meaning to return unexpectedly, and, taking my father unawares, kill him as he had killed the others. Afterwards my mother found that all my father's money had been withdrawn from his bank by means of a forged letter; and this having been accomplished, the sooner he was out of the way the better. No doubt the murderer meant this to be his last crime, and intended in any event to fly with the spoils, throwing suspicion on his latest victim.

"As my father was walking back to the house, someone leaped at him from behind, but he sprang aside in time to avoid the full force of the blow. He told my mother that somehow he felt no surprise at sight of his partner, with the lust of murder in his eyes; and they fought together a desperate fight, each man for his life.

"Once my father got his enemy down, and panted out what he had learnt; but the fiend wriggled himself free, and struck my father with a knife, which pierced his breast, touching the lungs. It was this wound that finally resulted in his death.

"While he was unconscious his enemy

Summer Advice.

By One Who Knows.

Keep cool in hot weather.

"How?"

By eating Grape-Nuts every day.

"Rats?"

No, not rats, but a good, sound fact that thousands make daily use of.

Grape-Nuts is a pre-digested food which makes digestion easy.

It gives the nourishment without the internal heat caused by heavy carbonaceous foods.

You can feel from ten to twenty degrees cooler than your neighbor when you eat proper food that does not over-tax the stomach.

Grape-Nuts is made from certain parts of the grain and by mechanical process the starches are changed into grape sugar in the same manner as the stomach would do in the first act of digestion.

The phosphates of the cereals are retained in Grape-Nuts, and these and the grape sugar supply the necessary nourishment to body, brain and nerve centers.

Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food giving strength, vitality and coolness to the body and energy and clearness to the brain, in place of the heavy, sluggish, draggy feeling caused by meat, potatoes, etc.

Another point:

It is thoroughly cooked at the factory by food experts, and saves you the trouble.

You get it from the grocer and, by adding cream, it is ready to serve.

No hot stove, no cross cook, no loss of time or exertion, as with other food.

Its crisp taste with the delicate sweet of the grape sugar makes it pleasing to the palate of the most critical epicure.

The recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts gives many pleasing puddings, salads, entrees and desserts that can be made.

Worth a trial, and a package will prove it.

must have placed in his pocket the diary in cipher, which had evidently been prepared expressly for the purpose. My father knew that he had wounded his would-be murderer, nevertheless, the wretch escaped; and it was supposed that my father had killed him and hid the body before falling down in a faint induced by his own wound.

"As for the letters, which must have shown conclusively who was guilty, they had disappeared—my father and mother believed that they had been stolen by the murderer. The moonstone Spinks and my mother's miniature were also missing, and it was not difficult to guess where they had gone, though the treacherous brute had no means of knowing what his victim had really been to the girl who both loved.

"The letters being lost and the murderer gone, there was no absolute proof that my father had not committed the crimes of which he had been accused, and my mother begged that he would remain with her, hidden and safe, while he lived. Such an existence must have proved impossible for a man of spirit, had he not died within a year; but I think that, in spite of all, they must have known some hours of happiness together.

"When he was gone my mother lived only for me, and the hope—not ideally Christian, but natural—that one day I should seek out the man who had robbed and killed her husband, and avenge their wrongs. While I was a boy I was left in ignorance of her sorrows, and we lived somehow on the little money she had left. But when I had grown to be a man she sent for me one day (we had moved from California to Colorado by this time), and I found her pale and quivering with passionate excitement. She had made an astonishing discovery."

(To be continued.)



MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Curious Bits of News.

Farmers in Sanpete County, Utah, are having "pin-shows," only they use grasshoppers instead of pins as tickets of admission. The crops last year were ruined by the grasshoppers. This year the farmers determined to destroy the pests, so they arranged for a series of entertainments to which only those might be admitted who brought half a bushel of grasshoppers with them. Seventy-five bushels were the receipts of the first entertainment. The grasshoppers were turned at the close of the evening's amusement.

The Eastern manager of the Pennsylvania Railway has issued an order forbidding passengers to exchange kisses with their friends in the Jersey City station. They must give such greetings and farewells where they will not obstruct traffic. The Western manager says this order will not be enforced on his side of the Allegheny Mountains. And there you have it—the broad, expansive superiority of the West—pitted against the exclusiveness of the East!

In London a curious experiment was recently tried by a South American named Pappus. Having wrapped around his body three hundred and fifty yards of flannel he lay down in a sort of glass coffin, which was then hermetically closed and placed at the bottom of a large tank filled with water. By means of an electric ventilator and of a tube, one end of which passed into the coffin, a constant supply of fresh air was assured, and this air was the only nourishment which Pappus received during the eight days the experiment lasted. An eight days' fast is not an extraordinary occurrence, but what is particularly interesting about the present case is that the faster did not consume any water.

The "Lancet" has unearthed the curious fact that nearly all the important events in the life of His Majesty King Edward VII. have happened on a Tuesday. He was born, baptized, and married on a Tuesday; on a Tuesday he was appointed a member of the Privy Council; on a Tuesday it was definitely ascertained that he had contracted typhoid fever, and it was on a Tuesday he attended the public thanksgiving service for his recovery. On a Tuesday he succeeded to the throne; on a Tuesday the Royal Standard was first hoisted at Marlborough House, and on a Tuesday His Majesty underwent an operation for perityphlitis. Students of the "occult" may be able to deduce something from this dominance of the day dedicated to the god of war in the life of the King, but without any such deduction the series of coincidences is a very remarkable one.

Not only the horses but the powers of the law, says the London "Chronicle," are swift at Ascot, for the course has a special tribunal for the punishment of evildoers. No sooner is the pickpocket, welsler, or ticket-snatcher arrested than he is standing before Sir Albert de Rutzen in a little room in the royal stand, where the evidence is heard and the verdict and sentence pronounced before the offender fully realizes that he is caught. Nowhere else does punishment so swiftly follow crime as at this court, which is decreed by clause 31 of the Indictable Offences Act of 1848. This race-course tribunal arose curiously in the eighteenth century from an assault upon a royal personage. In his indignation at the impossibility of instant punishment of the assailant, he ordered that in future a magistrate should always attend the royal race meeting. This has ever since been done, and by the above-mentioned act the chief magistrate of Bow street was constituted ex officio a justice of the peace of the County of Berks, in order to enable him to hold this court at Ascot.



MR. BYRON NICHOLSON, an Ontario man who has lived much in Quebec, has recently written and published a small volume entitled "The French-Canadian: A Sketch of His More Prominent Characteristics" (Toronto: The Bryant Press). This is a serious contribution to a serious subject. Mr. Nicholson thinks the French-Canadian is a much misunderstood and much-abused member of our federal family. His object in writing a book about him is to help others (and by "others" he very largely means the people of Ontario) to understand the French-Canadian better than they have done heretofore. Mr. Nicholson fears that a danger of serious estrangement threatens the two great provinces that lie side by side, and he is determined to do all in his power to ward off this impending evil. He probably takes a too alarming view of the matter; really, the relations between Ontario and Quebec are much as they have always been. But his object is a worthy one, and his effort has been conceived in a spirit of true citizenship and with the desire to promote the welfare of the Dominion. Therefore, more power to his elbow!

The book is elaborately illustrated with portraits of leading French-Canadians—men who have made their mark in politics, scholarship, literature or trade. One cannot but remark the handsome appearance of these representative men of Quebec. They form an exceedingly prepossessing gallery of portraits, and a run through them prepares the reader to believe many of the good things the author has said about the French-Canadian.

Mr. Nicholson's style has been formed somewhat along Gallic lines. He is declamatory, rhetorical and ornate, after the manner of French prose-writers and orators. At times he tends to be carried away by his theme. Occasionally he is diffuse and fails to come to the point. Once in a while he lapses into mere sentimentality. The charge of special pleading might be laid against some of Mr. Nicholson's arguments, when he condescends to argue. He puts the French-Canadian on too high a pedestal to be safe; the gentleman is in danger of toppling over and breaking his neck. If all Mr. Nicholson says is true, our neighbors of Quebec are the embodiment of all the civic and domestic virtues; they are without fault or foible. Mr. Nicholson moves too much. The French-Canadian has many admirable points, but he has his weaknesses. One gets a more truthful and a more engaging picture of his character from a single one of Dr. Drummond's sketches or poems than from the whole of Mr. Nicholson's laborious analysis, simply because the latter will not admit, let alone enumerate, the French-Canadian's faults, while the former—in such sketches, for example, as "The Montmorency Election"—takes into account the fact that, as Josh Billings would say, "there's a heap o' human nature" in "Jean Baptiste."

Mr. Nicholson must surely lack the sense of humor in its full development or he could not seriously have advanced such a contention as the following (p. 32): "True, he clings jealously and tenaciously to certain privileges peculiar to his people, privileges which he has enjoyed by right of treaty almost ever since the French monarch ceased to guide the destinies of Canada, and which to some extent differentiate his position from that of the other inhabitants of the Dominion. . . . But why does he hold fast to these privileges? Not altogether," says Mr. Nicholson, "perhaps not even chiefly, for his own sake, and certainly not because he has any pleasure in knowing that a line of demarcation—a line that is barely visible, almost only imaginary—is thus drawn between himself and his fellow-Canadians of other nationalities. No; but because he believes that any attempt to take those privileges away, to take them away even by constitutional methods, would be one of the surest ways of stirring up racial strife and would thus interfere with that steady, gradual and natural process of unification which has been going on so satisfactorily ever since the union of the several provinces," etc. In other words, the French-Canadians are so devoted to the idea of an eventual unification of the races in Canada that they cherish every special privilege which keeps them a separate and peculiar people. Mr. Nicholson may tell this to the marines!

The fact is—a fact all intelligent observers must recognize—that neither Ontario nor Quebec has a monopoly of good intentions or of political virtues. It is absurd to assume that the people of Ontario have been always the aggressors in racial misunderstandings. There is not more bigotry nor prejudice in this province than in the Province of Quebec. If it is easy to incite a certain class of people here by appeals to religious passion and the cry of French domination, it is no less easy to rouse the habitant with the "Orangeiste" bogey. Others who have lived in Quebec and yet know Ontario will not agree with Mr. Nicholson when he assumes that English-speaking Canadians are the prey of blind prejudice which must be carefully educated out of them, while French-speaking Canadians are paragons of intelligence, broad-mindedness and benevolence. A great many English-speaking Canadians are a prey to blind prejudice, but so are a great many French-speaking Canadians—quite as numerous a body, indeed, and quite as "set" in their notions. The relations between Ontario and Quebec are not as strained as Mr. Nicholson imagines; they were never better, and they are steadily improving. But granting that there have been some misunderstandings, these, as a rule, have been due just as much to the people down by the St. Lawrence as to the people up about the lakes. If it is necessary that a prophet should come up to good old Ontario to tell us of our sins and of other men's virtues, it is equally necessary that the same service should be performed for the people of Quebec.

A Letter From Burns.

A traveler in Ottawa who recently visited an old Scotch settler obtained the privilege of examining the contents of a musty leather trunk full of papers and letters. In a bundle of receipts from

Catch On

It won't hurt you.
Catch the habit of drinking
Ludella Ceylon Tea. ☘ ☘ ☘

Semi-Annual Sale
OF HIGH-CLASS FOOTWEAR
Thousands of dollars' worth of fine boots and shoes in broken lots to be sold at 25 per cent. to 35 per cent. less than regular prices. Call and see our values or send for quotations.

The St. Leger Shoe Co.
4 STORES—110 and 210 YONGE ST., 92 and 482 QUEEN ST. WEST

Tasty
BE SURE YOU GET
Clark's
Clark's Pork and Beans are Delicious.

tradesmen, preserved with Scottish thrift among the family papers, he found an unpublished letter from Robert Burns. The New York "Sun" gives it as follows, and justly remarks that it shows the great poet at his best, a sympathetic, kindly man at heart:

R. Burns, Dr. to G. Turnbull, for five copies of his poems at 2s 6d—12s 6d.

Dear Sir: I send you by John Glover, carrier, the above amount for Mr. Turnbull, as I suppose you have his address.

I would fain offer, my dear sir, a word of sympathy with your misfortunes, but it is a tender thing, and I know not how to touch it. It is easy to flourish a set of high-down sentiments that would give great satisfaction to "a breast quite at ease," but as one observes who was seldom mistaken in the theory of life, "The heart knoweth its own sorrows, and a stranger intermeddled not therewith." Among some distressful emergencies that I have experienced, I ever laid this down as my foundation of comfort, "that he who has lived the life of an honest man has by no means lived in vain."

With every wish for your welfare and future success, I am, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

ROBERT BURNS.
Ellesland, May 26, 1780.
To Mr. James Hamilton, Grocer, Troilgate, Glasgow.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

Shredded Wheat
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.



A New Avenue of Pleasure.

MY friend was holding a book not quite three inches from his nose, says a correspondent, and rapidly turning the leaves. I suggested that he do his dusting at a rather greater distance:

"You have made a slight mistake," said he. "I am not house-cleaning. I allow dust and cobwebs on my bottles only—not on my books."

"Then this rite of yours—" I began.

"That is the word," said he, pausing a moment to taste what I had said. "It is a rite, and only the elect, the knowing, are worthy to witness it."

"Seal me of the tribe," said I.

"I fear you could not understand," answered he, shaking his head doubtfully. "But listen, I was perfume hunting on the works of Charles Lamb. You came upon me as I was enjoying the aroma of Volume III—the first Elia essays, you will remember. The two volumes of letters are also rather rare, but some-

how this is the most delicate in odor of the entire set. Try it," he added, generously, handing over the volume. I sought to remember how he had held it.

"Nearer the nose," said he; "you're quite out of range." I adjusted the book to his satisfaction.

"And now you're ready for turning," I passed the three hundred pages rapidly in review before my waiting sense of smell.

"Your thumb touch is not delicate," exclaimed he with some impatience. "You bear on too hard. Just see how you've blunted the edge of the leaves. They should be sharp as a razor. Once again." I exerted myself to please him.

"That's good," said he. "Isn't it delicious?"

"I was so busy with the machinery of the thing that I forgot to try for the scent," I had to confess in some embarrassment. "And now, finally." This time I had mastered the mechanism, and was receptive to the message of the leaves.

"Well," said he, as I hesitated.

"Why, I get a subdued dusty and musty odor," replied I. "What else, indeed?"

"I, too, had to serve my apprenticeship," said he, in a tone of disappointment. "But if you have the stuff in you, there will come a time when this will be to you the rarest fragrance. Nature is well enough in its way, with flowers and foliage and the breath of cattle, but this is altogether finer, and makes its appeal to a more highly developed sense. Take the Bohn Library—publishers of Addison, Ricardo, Adam Smith. Of course, each book of theirs gives out its own peculiar whiff, but everything they publish comes up to a high standard. You appreciate that this perfume is not something applied to the completed book, as your maid puts cologne on her pocket-handkerchief. It is the very essence of the book. It is the product of binding and leaves, and cover, and print—the perfect blend of the workmanship. Only the English can come at it. American books have too businesslike a smell. They are done in haste—machine made, and not put together by loving hands. I can always analyze the odor of them into its separate elements. The glazed paper, the glue, are irrepressible."

"It must take long training," said I, making ready to depart.

"The time is well spent," replied he, as he took down a volume of "The Spectator," and lovingly sampled it.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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To Our Readers.

Subscribers who contemplate a change of address for a few weeks will confer a favor by notifying this office early. Any irregularity in delivery by our agents should be promptly reported. No trouble to change your address and no postage to pay. If you buy "Saturday Night" on the street ask this office to send it to you while on vacation. Terms, five cents weekly.



THE revival of a feature of the old Grecian Olympian games in the annual Marathon race held at Boston is becoming more and more of an event in American athletics. Fully five thousand people witnessed the finish of the recent contest, while it is said spectators lined the entire course of twenty-five miles. The race this year was won by S. A. Mellor, Jr., of Yonkers, N.Y., who covered the distance in 2 hours 43 minutes and 15.2 seconds. There were forty-two starters, nineteen of whom finished. This year's time is no less than 13 minutes 52 seconds behind that of last year, when the event was won by the fleet little Canadian runner, John Caffrey. In this branch of athletics—long distance running—United States athletes are generally conceded to be deficient.

The recent golf tournament on the links of the Glen View Club of Chicago, and at which the amateur championship of the United States was decided, was watched with keen interest by golfers throughout the world. W. J. Travis, champion for two years back, was looked upon as likely to again demonstrate his title to the premiership as an all-round expert, but he succumbed to E. M. Byers of the Alleghany Club of Pittsburgh. In the final game of the tournament, Byers was in turn beaten by Louis N. James, the nineteen-year-old crack of the Glen View Club, who will wear the laurels of champion of the United States for the ensuing year. The very unfavorable weather conditions under which the tournament progressed may account for the former champion's failure to make good, but in golf no less than in other sports it is admitted that the unexpected is liable to happen.

Scarcely less uncertain than a horse race, or an election wherein imported "purifiers" are permitted to operate, is a lacrosse match in these latter days. We speculate as to what the result of an approaching game will be; the game is played, and while it may not result as we expected, we are led to size up the performance of the contestants in a way which we think will at least enable us to pick the winner the next time the same two clubs come together. The second game, however, disappoints all deductions we may have made from the former contest, for without any apparent reason things are reversed in such a way as to make the whole thing look like a game of chance.

As an example of this perplexing uncertainty the Toronto-Cornwall game in the latter town last Saturday is a case in point. In the game at the Island a week earlier the Toronto club gave no indication of a latent ability likely to make them dangerous to the strong men from the Factory Town on their own grounds. The result can hardly be attributed to over confidence of the Cornwall, for this would surely have been dispelled before the final goal, which was scored by Toronto. We are simply confronted with the unexpected result of a win for Toronto, and would fain believe that she may yet occupy a respectable altitude when the affairs of this year's N.A.L.U. are wound up.

The Shamrock-Capital game on the grounds of the former in Montreal was marred, as were also some of the countenances of the participants, by much rough work. The win of the home team by the narrow margin of one goal would augur a cold day for the Irishmen when they visit the Capital.

The Dufferins of Orangeville and the Tecumsehs played in the mud and rain at the Island, and the Dufferins, seemingly favored by the adverse weather conditions, won out by 4 goals to 3. Number one district of the Senior C.L.A. is producing good lacrosse, and no game in its series is quite devoid of interest.

Following the Dominion tournament recently held at the Island, the annual events of the Western Ontario Bowling Association are in progress this week at London, and promise to be scarcely less successful than the former meeting. There are forty-three rinks in competition, representing eighteen Western Ontario towns.

At a game on the grounds of the Canada Club, on Tuesday last, nine rinks representing the president of the club were pitted against nine representing the vice-president, the result being a win for the presidential party by fifteen shots. On the same day the Victoria Club on their own lawn defeated the Caer-Howells by a score of 84 to 68.

The touring eleven of the Toronto Cricket Club have been fairly successful to date, the bad weather interfering considerably with their progress. At Peterboro' they defeated the home team by 80 to 54. The grounds of the M.A.A.A., on which they met the Montreal cricketers, were in a very soggy condition, only one innings being played, in which Toronto scored 46 to their opponents' 28. In the



CANADIAN SCENES.—VI. A MOUNTAIN MINING CAMP.

game against Ottawa the first day's play closed with Ottawa 62 runs to the good.

Uxbridge sent a strong team to the city on Tuesday, playing a draw with the Toronto Club on 'Varsity campus. On the same day at Center Island Brampton beat the Center Island Club by six runs and six wickets.

The Panamahat of Omar Khayyam.

Before the lingering days of winter died,
Methought a voice inside the hatter's cried,
"When all our summer stock is spread within,
Why stand the dubious purchasers outside?"

And while they lingered, one who stood before
The window, shouted: "Let me in the door!
I'll put my money in a Panama.
E'en though for three years I can buy no more."

Now the warm days reviving old desires
To own a Panama each sport aspires;
So lies he to his uncle with his watch,
To raise the price that stylish garb requires.

Some for the glories of this world, a few
Sigh for the hopes of Paradise to view.
Ah! take them all, I only ask for mine
To own a Panama of faultless hue.

As by the hatter's door I stood agape
I saw a Panama of matchless shape.
I had to have it though I knew full well,
When my wife saw it, I'd be in a scrape.

Nay, my beloved, wipe away those tears.
Extravagant it seems, but have no fears;
Now I can buy you more and better hats,
A Panama like mine will last ten years.

I often think I never looked so well
As since I put me on this headgear swell;
But, too, I wonder what those hatters wear
One half so costly as the stuff they sell.

But that linoleum lid whose tender braid
Daily on Broadway boldly is displayed;
Ah, handle it full gently, for who knows
In what fierce thunder-storm 'twill come unmade?

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the hatter's portals through,
Not one will tell the truth of what it cost,
But he multiplies the price at least by two?

Except when Ananias homeward goes,
The sum it cost then shrinks, it never grows;
But never let him think he's fooled his wife,
She knows about it all, she knows, she knows.

Ah! chilly autumn with thy wind and rain,
Haste not thy coming. Must I beg in vain?
A scant two months I've worn my Panama.
I can't afford to buy so soon again.

—R. L. Sale, in New York "Sun."

Bulls and Bears.

AS I have said before, the life of a ticker is no sinecure. I am always bothered by two factions—bulls and bears.

A bull on the stock market (sometimes a bear at home) is one who is always working for a rise in values. He is not always conscientious about his tactics, either, but he squares himself by saying, "It will all come out in the wash." Yes, "washed sales" that are as delusive as some maidens I have heard of.

Generally speaking, I like bulls better than I do bears. It is pastime for me as I grind out quotations to hear the fairy tales the bulls concoct. To them there is no sorrow in the world, everything is lovely—Utopia! Just now they are saying the wheat and corn crop will be the largest since George chopped the cherry tree down; that money is easier than an old shoe; that C.P.R. will earn 15 per cent. on its common stock; that J. P. Morgan or the "Western contingent" are trying to secure control of this, that or the other road. If the bulls, after feeding on "Joseph's" optimistic pills and tips, really had their way, the rocketing of stocks would make the spire of St. James' Cathedral look like a lead pencil.

The thorn-in-the-side for the bulls is the bears. Bears on the market can always be relied upon to put up a good argument, too. If a man be disappointed in love, is dyspeptic or has lost faith in human nature through the medium of a "gold brick," he generally becomes a bear and delights to irritate the jovial, even-tempered bulls. "A panic is coming next week sure," is his hair-raising story; that the wheat crop's a dismal failure; that Goadly, Keene or Hayden is sick; that the market is going to the dogs; that the country's going plump to—Chaos!!

As a ticker carrying on my work with care, this harangue from both sides of the house is what I have to listen to all day long. There being no judge to decide these debates except myself, and my opinion doesn't count any more than the housemaid's, a decision is generally arrived at in the form of a bet. Father Time decides this. One of the best bull stories I have heard was circulated in British Columbia recently about a salmon canning stock. An immense salmon catch had been made, and when the fish were being prepared for burial, or rather for the can, the packers discovered large fish in the stomachs of the original fish. This to the bulls was a double catch and meant a saving of \$25,000, or a bonus equal to 1 per cent. on the capital stock!!

J. W. B.

Wild Flowers of High Park.

I AM not a botanist, but I am very fond of flowers, especially the wild flowers. And as this year afforded unusual opportunities for watching the spring advance.

I determined to see how many wild flowers I could find in and about High Park. My first find was late in March, when in wandering about the woods near the Park I came very unexpectedly upon a bed of arbutus almost in blossom. Imagine my joy, for it was the first and only arbutus I had ever found myself, though I had seen it often being sold on the city streets. Early in April the hepatica appeared, and soon after it the anemone, until now (July) I have nearly one hundred different varieties, pressed and mounted.

Many of them were strangers to me, but with the help of Mrs. Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," and Miss Leunsherry's "Guide to the Wild Flowers," I have succeeded in naming most of them. A few are still keeping me guessing, but I shall not give up until I have named them all. It was a sort of a blow to my pride to find how ignorant I was of the Canadian wild flowers. I had always prided myself on being quite familiar with those about my own home in "the States," but out of a dozen different varieties gathered one afternoon half were new to me. By this time we are fully acquainted, and I think I shall never forget them. Somebody may be interested in seeing the names of those I have found up to date: Wood anemone, arbutus, hepatica, bulbous buttercup, gold thread, false lily of the valley, downy yellow violet, sweet white violet, blue violet, saxifrage, wild strawberry, white clover, bush clover, hop clover, dandelion, foam flower, columbine, everlasting, wild geranium, blue-eyed grass, huckleberry, raspberry, blackberry, wood betony, mitre-wort, asters, goose grass, beggar-ticks, wild bergamot, bindweed, bladder campion, blue weed, spreading dogbane, dockmackie, chamomile, bouncing bet, bunch berry, twisted stalk, Solomon's seal, trillium, buttercup, wild sunflower, sorrel, thistle, evening primrose, white sweet clover, bush honeysuckle, butter and eggs, common cinquefoil, silvery cinquefoil, Indian pipe, winter cress, daisy, daisy fleabane, harebell, common milkweed, five finger, golden rod, heal-all, poison ivy, ladies' tresses, wild red lily, wild lupine, meadow-sweet, common mullein, mustard, partridge vine, wild pink, fringed polygala, polygala polygama, star-flower, St. John's wort, shin-leaf, sunach, thimble-weed, thistle, blue vetch, wintergreen, yarrow.

About thirty of these were found in a most unpromising looking sand patch near High Park gate, and "still there's more to follow." Just as soon as the flowers are gathered I press them between the leaves of an old book (sheets of blotting paper would be better) under heavy weights, and afterwards mount them on grey paper. Whenever it is possible I try to mount the whole plant. I lay the plant on the mounting paper, and close to the stems cut tiny slits, passing a narrow strip of the grey paper across the stem and through the slits, pasting the strip on the back of the mounting sheet. This is a good way to fasten the plants, as pasting them seems to crack and break them.

Gathering and mounting the wild flowers in this way makes one know and love them better. Just try it and see. Start now with the fall flowers, which are coming thick and fast, and continue next spring. You will be surprised to find how eager you are to hunt for more, and how many pleasant hours you will spend sorting and pressing and arranging. And you need not be a botanist to enjoy it all.

H. L. K.

Husbands Who Never See Their Wives.

AMONG certain African tribes husbands are not permitted to look upon their wives. They live in huts apart, and only during the night are they allowed to visit their brides. This custom, which prevails in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, is equalled in singularity by that in vogue at Futta, where wives never permit their husbands to see them unveiled until three years have elapsed since their marriage.

In Sparta, as is well known, the husband was only able to seek the society of his wife by stealth and under cover of darkness, as seems to be the case among the Turkomans of the present day, on whom, sometimes for the space of two years after marriage, a similar taboo is laid. Circassian women, although they do not carry prudery to this extravagant excess, always live on the coolest terms with their husbands until they have become mothers.

Among civilized peoples such codes do not, of course, exist, although eccentricity has been known to afford analogous, if solitary examples; as in the case of the wife of a Viennese doctor who, having on the eve of the day originally fixed for her marriage, been stricken with smallpox, which completely destroyed her good looks, became a bride only on condition that she might ever by day wear a thick veil. This stipulation, however, she herself afterwards rescinded.

A curious marriage was a few years since celebrated in the Russian province of Simbirsk. The bride, who, by withdrawing herself entirely from the world, had obtained a reputation for great sanctity, bestowed her hand upon an ascetic of equal fame. The couple had never previously seen each other, nor did they when the priest had made them one; for after the ceremony, in which they took part blindfolded, they separated never to meet again.

Almost as singular was the wedding, at which the bride wore a silk handkerchief wrapped loosely around her face, that took place in the fifties in a church in a northern district of London. To save her parents from ruin she had consented to marry a rich man, whom she regarded with aversion, on the stipulation that he should never behold her when she had become his wife. After the ceremony she returned to her parents' house, which, however, her husband, through the good offices of friends, persuaded her to abandon for his own.

A widow, whose husband had had the misfortune to be

blind, was sought in second marriage by a well to do citizen of Leeds. She, however, rejected his addresses, and, on his demanding a reason, averred that she could on no account permit him to exercise a privilege that had not been enjoyed by her first choice, viz., that of looking upon her face. Her lover fell in with her humor, and so obstinate did she prove when his wife that more than three months elapsed ere he could induce her to remove the thick veil under which since her wedding she had hidden her features.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century there appeared at Brunn, in Bohemia, an impostor, named Maria Zoller, who, giving herself out to be inspired, invariably wore a veil when among her followers—of whom she had many—lest, as she pretended, the divine effulgence that streamed from her countenance should strike them dead. A number believed in her pretensions, among others a rich old farmer, who went so far in his folly as to ask her hand in marriage. Loth to forego a wealthy husband, and at the same time unwilling to confess to a gross imposture, she advanced the fact that he must, as her husband, sooner or later behold the splendor of her face, and consequently perish miserably. The man, however, as doubtless she intended, still pressed his suit, and on her urging that she dare not have murder on her conscience, deprived himself of sight that he might qualify for her husband. Soon afterwards Zoller, now that her ridiculous assumptions were in no danger of exposure, espoused her fatuous wooer, who to the day of his death believed that he had been providentially favored.

William C. Whitney as a Mascot.

A STORY is going the rounds about William C. Whitney and one of his negro hostlers. Mr. Whitney had noticed that each time he visited his stable, this man watched every move he made, and, upon one pretext or another, managed to keep near to him from the moment he entered the stable till he left it. The financier was greatly puzzled by the conduct of the negro, and one day he called him aside.

"Peter," he said, "why do you follow me around and watch me so closely every time I enter the stable? You must have some good reason for your actions. What is it?"

"Has I gotter 'splain, sah?"

"Certainly."

"Is powerful 'traid dat it'll spoil de charm, sah."

"Spoon what charm? What do you mean?"

"Well, sah, it's dis yere way. Ev'ry maw'nin' I looks up de entries fo' de day's races. Den I names things in de stable fo' de hosses, see? De wheels of de kerriges; de heads, an' de tails, an' de shoulders, an' de flanks of de hosses; de harnesses, whips—er'rything in de stable's done gotter name of one of de hosses dat'll run in de races to-day. Fo' instance, when yo' comes in you walks 'round an' 'spees de things, an' yo' touches things. Whatever yo' touch, I plays dat air wheel what yo' just shook, ter see if it's sound, is named Gold Heels, an' dis nigger's gwine ter play Gold Heels fo' de limit."

Mr. Whitney laughed heartily. "Are you lucky, Peter?"

"Lucky? Why, Mr. Whitney, dem han' of yours knows mo' 'bout prophecy dan ole 'Lijah hisself!"—Ex.

A Tribute to Burns.



HAT the estimate which Toronto Scotchmen place upon the memory of Robert Burns is by no means in accord with the sentiments of the bard himself when he wrote

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood"

is amply proven by the magnificent demonstration at the unveiling of his statue in the Allan Gardens on Monday last. With true Scottish disregard of threatening skies, the poet's countrymen were present in large numbers, and the eloquent tributes of the orator of the day, Rev. Professor Clark of Trinity University, found an echo in many hearts in which Burns is not merely a name, but a living force. The music by the band and pipers of the Forty-eighth Highlanders was wholly appropriate, and the quaint Scottish airs waited many in fond memory back to the land of the hill and the heather.

The statue, the work of the sculptor D. W. Stevenson, A.R.S.A., stands in the north-east corner of the Allan Gardens, and while by its artistic beauty it will greatly enhance the attractiveness of this charming enclosure, its chief significance is in that it marks Canadian appreciation of a patriot whose spontaneous and whole-souled verse has made his name immortal.

Summer.

Moss at our feet, and overhead all green,
'Gainst tender skies that ever earthward lean
While feathered songsters lift their lays serene.

Hill-sides aglow, and bramble bower'd dells
Where woodland music softly sinks and swells,
Where sway a million pale and fragrant bells.

See the last trace of dreariness give room
To summer's glow of sunshine and perfume,
And the glad times of mingled song and bloom.

—Genevieve Richardson in "Outing."

A friend of ours, who is an enthusiastic stamp collector, was showing his treasures to the clergyman who had just dropped in. "This," he said, with conscious pride, "is one of the finest collections in the world!" The reverend gentleman eyed the volumes containing the specimens, and then he tenderly took them in his arms. "What's the matter?" said the stamp collector nervously. "Oh, I beg pardon," was the reply; "but I thought I should like to see how it felt to take up a decent collection."



ON THE FIFTH DAY.

Really, I wish I might consult my physician a moment. I wonder if he would advise me to continue taking these "appetizing bitters" every three hours.—"Life."

Moral Suasion as Practised in Parkdale.

YOU could hardly blame Peterkin. Hadn't he lived and kept poultry in Parkdale years and years before the place became a populous residential suburb? In those days there had been no neighbors within a block of Peterkin's to raise a rumpus if a rooster happened to disturb their slumbers at five o'clock in the morning. Peterkin said it wasn't his fault if he had neighbors. He hadn't asked them to come and build next to him, shutting out his light and upsetting his domestic arrangements. And if they went to bed so late at night that a rooster crowing at five o'clock deprived them of their due allowance of sleep, that wasn't Peterkin's fault either. These same neighbors often kept him awake far into the night banging on their pianos and making merry when they should have been in bed. Not for all the neighbors in Christendom would Peterkin give up his beloved Leghorns and Games, with the luxury of fresh eggs and real spring chickens all the year round. It was his one hobby, and he would see the Smythes, the Bensleys, the Todd-Jamiesons and the Porterhouses all in limbo before he would let them come on to his half-acre of ground and dictate to him about his right to keep a few domestic fowl.

"I do wish that old Peterkin would give up those wretched hens," said Mrs. Todd-Jamieson at breakfast one morning about a month ago. "It's impossible to get a wink of sleep after daylight. I declare it's a horrid nuisance. You'd better get us away to Muskoka next week, Harry."

"I'd better get hold of the old fool's roosters and wring their heads off," said Harry savagely.

Conversations of similar import were not uncommon in other homes in that neighborhood. Poor Smythe had considered the feasibility of meeting Peterkin in a spirit of diplomacy and discussing the whole matter pro and con, with the idea that sunny ways might be the best. But Smythe's courage failed when it came to the sticking point. Bensley professed to be in favor of solving the trouble by throwing pieces of poisoned bread into Peterkin's hen-yard. But after all, Bensley was a gentleman, and to poison a whole flock of poultry would be a scurvy trick, savoring too much of the ham-stringing of an enemy's cattle. Besides, there were difficulties and dangers in the way. Each of the other householders in the neighborhood had some pet scheme of his own for silencing Peterkin's irrepressible clucksters. But in the end each waited for some other to shoulder the burden first.

At last Smythe bethought him of a plan which, while entirely harmless and admirably simple, seemed to have sufficient of the element of humor to acquit him of the least suspicion of vindictiveness. Buying a mongrel puppy, he chained it every night to the fence close under old Peterkin's bedroom window. There the cur yowled and yelped the whole night through. Peterkin swore, Peterkin could not sleep. But unfortunately neither could Smythe himself, and the terrors of insomnia in the early and late watches of the night, to the accompaniment of a cur's whine, were added to the misery of being roused by a terrific cawing, clucking and cackling with the first faint ray of morning's light. The other neighbors also were within earshot of Smythe's cur.

"Look here, Smythe," said Porterhouse on the morning after, "what the devil do you mean by keeping that dog tied up all night in your back yard? Don't you think there are enough distractions about the place?"

Then Smythe took Porterhouse into his confidence as to the meaning of the move. To be sure, the cur was almost worse than the disease, but he had no doubt the old fool of a chicken-fancier would soon be brought to time if the game was kept up.

"Well, I warn you I'll have to adopt some measure of self-defence," said Porterhouse. "We might as well bring matters to a crisis now as later on."

That night Porterhouse borrowed a Jersey calf from a man several blocks away. After dark he tied it up to his back as close to Peterkin's house as possible. Porterhouse and Smythe were Peterkin's immediate neighbors on either side. Todd-Jamieson's back yard abutted on Peterkin's at the back. Bensley, Snedborough and the other kickers lived further along the street. They wondered what was going to happen next when, roused from the first sweet slumbers of the night, they found the bawling of a scared and lonely bull calf called to the whimpering yowls of Smythe's detestable gutter-pup. For the stubborn old cur of Leghorns and Games sleep was out of the question, but he consoled himself with the thought that if his neighbors could stand it if he could.

Meanwhile it was a hollow-eyed and vigil-wasted lot of men who took the King street car every morning from the foot of — avenue. They were simply waiting for the red. And the end came on the fourth night, when to the various menagerie surrounding old Peterkin's were added a screaming parrot contributed by Todd-Jamieson, and a couple of cats deposited in Bensley's back yard.

Next evening an advertisement of White Leghorns and Italian Games for sale appeared in the papers. Smythe's puppy has been turned loose upon the streets to fall into the hands of the dog-catcher. Porterhouse has returned the Jersey calf to its owner, the parrot has been banished from Todd-Jamieson's apple trees, and Bensley's captive cats are free to wander at will. Peterkin is talking of selling his house and lot and moving further out, where it is not an offence against the proprieties to keep hens, but whether he does so or not, a delicious and appropriate nocturnal calm has settled down upon the rural landscape of that portion of Parkdale.

The Jackpot.

I sauntered down through Europe, I wandered up the Nile, I sought the mausoleums where the mummied Pharaohs lay;

I found the sculptured tunnel where quietly in style Imperial sarcophagi concealed the royal clay.

Above the vault was graven deep the motto of the crown: "Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

It's strange what deep impressions are made by little things.

Within the granite tunneling I saw a dingy cleft; It was a cryptic chamber. I drew, and got four kings. Put on a brief comparison I laid them down and left.

Because upon the granite stood that sentence bold and brown: "Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

I make this observation: A man with such a hand Has psychologic feelings that perhaps he should not feel. But I was somewhat rattled and in a foreign land.

And had some dim suspicions, as I had not watched the deal.

And there was that suspicion, too, in words that seemed to frown: "Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

These letters were not graven in Anglo-Saxon tongue; Perhaps if you had seen them you had idly passed them by. I studied erudition when I was somewhat young;

I recognized the language when it struck my classic eye I saw a maxim suitable for monarch or for clown:

"Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

IRONQUILL.

The "Living Church" quotes this extract from a Convent woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork, and said, 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"



AS THE GUNS AT OTTAWA BOOM A SALUTE TO THE NEW G. O. C.

Lord Dundonald (running to cover)—Great Scott, has that Sam Hughes, Hutton told me about, started hostilities already?

The Wrong Time in Muskoka.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be denied that during the summer months and at the height of the tourist season the Muskoka Lakes district is among the most desirable of localities, yet it is equally true that there is a time of year when this region that has been the Mecca of the tourist and those on pleasure bent becomes the most desolate, the most uninviting place imaginable. Muskoka at its best deserves all the nice things that even the railway and navigation companies can say of it; but when the dull rainy days of fall set in, and the bleak north winds lash its lakes into the roughness of small seas, there is perhaps no more lonely spot in the universe than any one of the small islands that dot the lakes, and on which the pretty cottage of some wealthy summer resident is less than a stone's throw of the water on all sides. Here when the bad weather has commenced one is absolutely isolated from all reasonable means of diversion, and the recollection of the gaiety of a summer just past only adds to the oppressiveness of one's solitude.

A young man who last year took a notion to remain alone in his father's summer cottage on an island in Lake Joseph until nearly a month after all the rest of the family with their guests had departed, tells of an uncanny experience he had one night during his isolation. He is a highly imaginative youth and relates the episode in rather a picturesque fashion, so that it is given here as told by him:

"I had been alone on the island for over three weeks; the novelty had worn off, and I was beginning to feel uncomfortable and oppressively alone. The day I speak of—late in October—had been one of cloud and wind and rain, but unlike the close of the day pictured by the poet the sun in this case had not 'burst forth again,' but as the night closed down on the desolate island the wind seemed to moan more dismally than ever, and the rain to beat a still more hideous tattoo on the windows and roof of the cottage. It promised to be one of those nights on which churchyards are said to yawn, a night on which the 'lured traveller would spur apace to gain the timely inn.'"

It will be noticed that the young fellow is also somewhat of a "litterateur." However, he did not appear altogether satisfied with this last expression. It did not seem to him quite adequate, or that it necessarily followed from the quotation that the night was bad. He recognized the fact, he said, that travellers often exhibit undue haste in approaching an inn, even in fine weather—he was somewhat of a traveller himself. However—

"The night was indeed rough," he continued, "and after fastening all the doors and windows I built a huge fire in the fireplace and sat down before it in the hope that its cheery brightness would in some measure relieve that creepiness which I could not quite shake off. The room had little furniture in it, the floor was bare of carpet or rug, and every sound produced its dismal echo. On the wall in front of me hung an old dismantled cuckoo clock—a relic of bygone days—with one weight and one hand gone—a bit of bric-a-brac my father had rescued from a lumber room in the old homestead. I had sat there in a half waking condition until far into the night; the fire had died down, and with it the small stock of cheerfulness it had inspired. I was just lapsing into an uneasy doze when I was startled by a sharp click which seemed to come from the wall in front of me. On looking up, to my amazement I beheld the doors of the old clock swing open and the dusty little bird emerge from its tomb. It gave three clear 'cuckoo' calls just as it must have done a generation ago, then receded into the darkness, and the doors clicked shut again. It was



NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST.

Shade of Bobbie Burns (to his statue in Allan Gardens)—Ah, Bobbie, ye stane mon, the Scots were mair canny o' their siller when ye were alive an' had need o' it.

like a voice from the dead past, and in the state of my nerves not a particularly welcome one either. I rose with very nerve in my body tingling and walked to the window. Imagine my consternation when on peering into the darkness I could make out on the lawn in front of the house what I took to be the figure of a white horse. Had this horrible combination been completed by the sudden apparition of a red-headed girl I would have prepared for death forthwith. As it was I was thoroughly scared. Bed was out of the question, and on going back to the fire I rebuilt it into a roaring blaze, resolved to give my Nemesis in whatever form it might come, a warm reception, and to meet my fate with my boots on. Morning found me in a troubled sleep before the grey embers of a half hot fire."

The strange freak of the clock has never been explained. The horse was a real horse, and had performed the unusual feat of swimming over from the mainland, some two hundred yards distant, whether with any other intention than that of acting in conjunction with the clock, I do not know.

QUIRT.



HARRY TRACY—CONVICT 5048.

The desperate criminal who has defied and eluded the authorities of two States—Oregon and Washington.

Increasing the Length of Life.

ONE of the most extraordinary facts with regard to longevity which has been developed by recent statistics is that the modern person is apt to live longer than his grandfather or her grandmother. The average duration of life has increased in the third of a century from 14 years to more than 31 years. Deaths by violence have decreased in number by 6.3 per cent, though this does not include suicides. Deaths from railway and car accidents have lessened more than 5 per cent. The abolition of level crossings and the introduction of fenders on street cars have reduced this source of expulsiion from the world by 12.6 per cent.

The dietary system of the United States, probably of Canada as well, has been marvelously improved in the last decade. It used to be the custom, as could be easily observed by the frequenter of Park Row and lower Broadway, for a luncheon fiend to wrap himself around a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. The exclusively pie joints have lost their popularity in a ratio with the growth of cereal foods and those products of factories which can be hastily acquired and easily digested. The fact that the New Englander is living longer and that the citizen of the United States is less troubled with indigestion, can probably be attributed to the decrease of the pie habit. Nobody desires long life more than the one who anticipates ultimately becoming rich. If by a reduction of the consumption of pie he can keep his stomach in condition he is willing to make many sacrifices when he orders his breakfast, his luncheon, or his dinner. Probably in no country in the world is such evidence of a willingness to go on short rations found as amongst those who formerly longed for the succulent pie and the fragrant coffee. Factories have grown from one end of the country to the other producing nothing but cereals tending or pretending to supply nutrition and nerve force at the same time, rather than tickle the appetite as the piece of pie was expected to do under less sanitary circumstances. Men and women are trying to keep their digestions right, not only to increase their nerve force, but to prolong their days of accomplishment.

That the human race in its most civilized form is not only trying to acquire more money, but to extend the limit of its days, has a significance which ought not to be lost sight of. The eagerness with which wealth is pursued is not consistent with the pie or whiskey habit; the recognition of this fact has cut out the almost indecent devouring of pie and booze which was once the great feature of the United States lunch counter and bar. The pursuit of wealth, except under extraordinary circumstances, means the prolongation of life. Those who seek for wealth must include in their system of living a scheme which extends their natural existence not only to the threescore and ten, but to the fourscore years. Every device in the preparation of food and drink is being utilized for this purpose, and yet we can fairly ask whether it is worth while. Is any prolongation of the mere years of our existence sufficient to absorb the energies of either men or women? Does the

woman who outlives her beauty and attractiveness find any compensation for her self-denials in the mere fact of remaining on earth for a few years after she herself recognizes the fact that she is simply cumbering the ground? Does the man who lives to be eighty instead of fifty find he last thirty years of his existence anything but a nuisance to himself and his neighbors? Of course in this list cannot be included those public-spirited men whose experience, stretching over many years, is of value to the whole world. Those who incline themselves to this sort of life are becoming less numerous as the world grows older. Their lives and the benefit of their prolonged days are in absolute opposition to the selfishness of those who live and seek to pamper their stomachs simply for a selfish end.

The number of men who drink some disagreeable thing for breakfast in lieu of coffee, who eat some horrible decoction for luncheon because it is good for their digestion, and who are strictly abstemious both as to food and drink for dinner, is every day becoming larger. It is a question whether it is selfishness in its most extreme form, or self-sacrifice—the latter, of course, is a beautiful thing—which impels these seekers after long life to make even the days of which they are sure unpleasant in order to better their chances of becoming octogenarians. Life at best is not a lovely thing, particularly if we are affected by the woes of others, but it seems to me that it becomes a specially unlovely thing if without regard to the woes of others and including a refusal to join in those harmless indulgences which for the moment at least are pleasant, one makes one's whole existence a consumption of cereal foods, chemical coffees, sanitary puddings, and desiccated meats. To live under such circumstances seems to me to abandon the entire project of making this world seem worth while during the time we are in it.

M. D.

Glims and Gleans.

With threads of every tint beneath the sun,
Life's fabric in Time's wondrous loom is spun.

Error's dark-visaged hordes, dismayed, must yield,
When Truth's keen blades flash on life's battlefield.

Our petty cares we see—too oft, alas!
Thro' morbid fancy's magnifying glass.

Open Life's book—what does each page disclose?
Two lines of poetry, threescore of prose.

All unadorned were Cupid's limbs, of old,
Now, he wears gems, and coats of cloth-of-gold.

H. A. H.

The Panama Hat.

THAT woman must be lacking in humor who does not find something amusing in the present vogue of the Panama hat.

Seldom does the male portion of the community become so interested in a fashion of dress as to block the sidewalks for a sight of a shop window, yet that has been a common occurrence this summer in New York, Boston, Chicago and other large cities.

Men's fashions may not always be attractive, but they are usually sensible. They have grown by the process of the survival of the fittest, and prices adjust themselves to the willingness and financial capacity of the average man. To be sure, there have always been luxuries, but they have usually been recognized as such, and sought only by the few.

Now comes the Panama hat to upset all this and throw the whole staid procession out of its beaten track. Sober men pay fifteen to fifty dollars for an article which usually costs them three dollars and a half. You may see them on the street cars glancing furtively over the tops of their papers in the effort to determine whether their neighbor's head covering is genuine or only an imitation; and to see the look of satisfaction on the face of the man who has "the real thing" is to understand what an inadequate measure of happiness mere money is.

Well, the Panama is an excellent hat, of its kind the best in the world; and for those who can afford it the possession of a good one is neither extravagant nor absurd. But the sun still beats upon a good many million honest heads which are thatched with plain straw; and if the cabbage or burdock leaves are not forgotten, no one need fear for his chances of attaining a ripe old age.

It would be interesting to know what effect the present fad will have on next year's millinery bills. The man who pays thirty dollars for his Panama may find it hard to quarrel with the price of his wife's Easter bonnet.

The Coming Literature and the Best Books.

LAST week "Saturday Night" republished the remarks of Jules Verne, predicting the disappearance of the novel, whose function will be performed by the daily newspaper. In contrast to this idea of the trend of literature it is interesting to note the forecast of Dr. Richard Garnett, until recently principal librarian of the British Museum. Dr. Garnett says:

"Among living writers, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy stand nearest to the height reached by writers of the middle century—Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, and so on. But no writer to-day can be placed quite so high as either of those. But I believe in the future; the writers of to-day are paving the way for the approach of a grander and more brilliant literature than has hitherto been known. The spread of culture is preparing the taste of people for something better, and the demand for higher quality will produce those capable of satisfying the demand. The great fault, I think, of the literature of to-day is diffuseness; we give greater importance to the matter than to the manner of its display; and before the golden age of the new literature dawns, the lesson will have to be learned that good matter must be presented in a good manner. Human feeling will be increasingly the main note of the literature of to-morrow. . . . Already we have seen the novel as an agent in social amelioration; but the novel of the future will develop in this direction and find enormous resources not yet touched."

The interviewer had the temerity to ask Dr. Garnett to advise his readers on the best books to read. The works he selected may be just jotted down here in the order of mention: The Bible and Shakespeare, Milton's "Paradise Lost," Gibbon's "Rise and Fall," Carlyle or Kingsley—"Carlyle made easy," Froide's Historical Writings, Wordsworth, Waverley Novels, Dickens, George Eliot, biography.

Frohmman's Estimate of Shakespeare.

WHEN Maude Adams was shifted from "The Little Minister" to "Romeo and Juliet," a few years ago, some people thought the transfer rather abrupt, and a trifle daring. Miss Adams felt a little trepidation herself. Not so Charles Frohmman, her manager. To him Shakespeare was simply a play-writer like Clyde Fitch, with the advantage that he did not harass the box-office for royalties. When he went to rehearsal one day, he found signs of nervousness pervading the company. "What's the matter?" he asked, in his explosive way. It was Shakespeare, the players replied. Pretty serious affair, you know—great name, great play, traditions of the stage, memories of mighty shades in the minds of the critics, rhythm of blank verse to be observed, and all that. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Frohmman; "who's Shakespeare? He was just a man. He won't hurt you. I don't see any Shakespeare. Just imagine you're looking at a soldier home from the Cuban war, making love to a giggling school-girl on a balcony. That's all I see, and that's the way I want it played. Dismiss all idea of costume. Be modern."

A Barnyard Lesson.

BY WILLIAM J. LONG.

THE cattle were dozing peacefully together in the warm autumn sunshine when Spotty, the yearling, came out of the bushes, where he had just killed a mail sack to pieces, to show them all his new horns. Behind them was the low mud-thatched stable; in front a small yard, dotted with giant pumpkins and surrounded by a log fence, over which a bear had climbed one night before and carried off a pig into the woods.

The excitement of the latter event had scarcely disappeared from the barnyard, when Spotty, by slow degrees, like the mist that filled the little valley over the front brook below the farm. All morning the cattle had been restless, pawing close together for safety, and wondering how a little yearling into the woodland pasture. Earlier than usual they drifted back into the log enclosure, where they felt reasonably safe, and now, with the afternoon sun full upon them, chewing their cud contentedly, they after all and forgot all about it. It was just at this psychological moment that Spotty came in to show them his new horns.

Now the barnyard might have been interested in Spotty's horns were it not for two things; first, they were very little horns, rising only an inch or two above the tangle of Spotty's black poll; and second, they had already seen upon his horns once, and had them forced upon their unwilling attention a hundred times more by their proud owner. But to Spotty they grew he felt his strength waning. As they grew he felt his strength waning. As they grew he felt his strength waning.

When the pig went squealing away in the grip of Bruin's arm, and all the cattle had believed their fear and defiance to the still heavens, Spotty had been full of the excitement. All day long he had kept close to Brindle, the big steer who had once licked a bear in fair fight—only running off at intervals, to when the cows or sheep came near, to plunge like a battering ram at an unwilling dwarf spruce, to show them all his horns. He had done none of these things, when he went off by himself to carry up some lagging ewes and ever hungry cows, and to butt at every inoffensive thing in the pasture.

When they had forgotten all their night terrors in the sleepy sunshine and the peace of a full stomach, Spotty still kept up his demonstrations. First he attacked the old stump fence and filled the air with brown dust and flying splinters. Next he jumped at the mail sack, which he knocked into some bushes and which he scarcely a stave was left clinging to its hoops. Then he came back to the barnyard.

A dozen cows and twice as many sheep lay resting quietly. Spotty stole up to them and gave one after another a gentle dig in the ribs, as if to say: "See those horns, will you? If they had only had a chance at that bear what would have been left of him?" If they were appreciative, he went on; if not, he turned his head and gave them a harder jab with his other horn to show them that it was all true what he was saying.

Over in a corner Brindle, the big steer, was watching the proceedings with bawling calmness. It was too big to disturb. Over in the opposite corner Butts, a surly old ram that had more than earned his name out of his bawling and kicking, was watching the proceedings with bawling calmness. It was too big to disturb. Over in the opposite corner Butts, a surly old ram that had more than earned his name out of his bawling and kicking, was watching the proceedings with bawling calmness.

Sitting by a corner of the barn, out of sight, I watched the proceedings with growing interest. I knew the old ram better than Spotty did. To a casual observer Butts said nothing; his glassy yellow eye remained cold and expressionless as that of a dead codfish. But there was a change there, a cold gleam like the glimmer of ice in February. As a boy, when I saw that look in Butts' eye, I used to grab a club, or fill my pockets with stones and climb a stump.

Spotty came up behind him, lowered his head, and gave him a questioning glance in his thin ribs. There was nothing vicious or bossy in the movement, just a soothing, gentle reminder. "Do you feel that, Butts? There's a horn for you. Wait till it grows a bit, and I'll make you ashamed of your own old spruce roots. If you had only waked me in time, I'd have taken care of your head. What!"—as the old ram apparently gave no heed—"You don't think so? Then here's a better one." And he swung his head and gave Butts a harder jab in his other poor ribs with the other wonderful horn.

Butts was getting up to his feet deliberately, still chewing, an awful glare in his cold yellow eye. Slowly he backed off, chewing, chewing, to disarm suspicion, as if he only wanted to get away from such dangerous horns. But his eye was fastened on Spotty; he seemed to see right through him and concentrate his attention, like Bunsby, on the coast of Greenland. When he got his distance he paused to measure it with his bawling eye and survey the ground for rocks and rough places. Then he stopped chewing. Suddenly he humped his back, his gnarled old horns went down, and he shot forward as if hurled by a catapult, covering the ground like a gray streak of shadow, opening and shutting like a jack-knife, or a terrier after a cat.

Spotty's head was half lowered, after his last reminder, when the gray streak reached him, rose on its hind legs, and hit him bang between the eyes. The shock knocked the poor innocent clear off his feet. He went over like a tenpin, first head over heels, where he sat for an instant on his own tail, then all in a heap, as he collapsed like a wild duck struck in full flight.

Butts backed away again slowly, his eye cold as moonshine. When he saw his opponent between the kicking legs he

hurled himself forward again and hit the proud owner of the horns another awful blow in the ribs. It seemed to knock the poor calf to his feet again, for he dashed away with a half frightened, half winded beat; and jumping up, I caught one glimpse of his tail whisking out of sight in the low stable door.

Butts watched him till he disappeared. Then his eye regained its usual glassy stare; he lay down just where he was before, to save the trouble of warming a new place, and resumed his interrupted digestion.

Too bad that animals have no sense of humor! The cattle round their ends as if nothing unusual had ever happened, and not even a microscope could detect any flicker in Brindle's bawling stare as he watched the little comedy. But Spotty's new horns had lost all present interest in the barnyard.—"Outing" Magazine.

Gravel Cured.

Remarkable Case of This Painful Disease.

Reuben Draper of Bristol, Que., Who Was a Victim, Finds Relief and a Permanent Cure—He Tells of His Sufferings and How He Left His Troubles Behind.

Bristol, Que., July 21.—(Special).—No disease can cause more severe and dreadful pain than Gravel. Reuben Draper of this place was taken ill with this awful trouble about five years ago. He was cured, and so many have asked him how it was done that he has decided to give the whole story for publication.

"About five years ago I was taken ill with the Gravel. I suffered great pain, so I sent for a doctor. He gave me some medicine and came to see me twice afterwards, but my disease was not gone, and in a short time I had another very bad attack.

"This time I sent for another doctor with about the same results, only I was getting weaker all the time.

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother. I thought I would try them, and bought a box.

"Just one week after I began the treatment I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and four days later another about the size of a grain of barley—this gave me great relief, and I commenced to feel better and to gain strength right away.

"That was five years ago and I have not had any trouble in that way since. I have the stone in a small bottle, and anyone can see them who wishes. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my life."

The story of Mr. Draper will be good news to many sufferers who may not have known that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Gravel and Stone in the Bladder.

What has cured this gentleman and hundreds of other very bad cases should cure anyone, and those who may be afflicted as Mr. Draper was should try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Measuring Sleep.

FEW phenomena in human experience are at the same time so common and so mysterious as sleep. For hours at a time the physical senses and mental faculties remain inactive, and then rather abruptly acquire their wonted keenness. It has long been known that age, sex, occupation, state of health and other influences affect the period during which this suspension of consciousness lasts, and also the soundness of one's sleep. There is reason to think, too, that the latter is variable through the night with every individual, even though his slumber may remain practically unbroken. This phase of the subject, however, has not been studied much until recently. Hence few people realize how greatly the depth of sleep fluctuates.

In order to get some light on the question, two investigators in the University of Rome, Dr. Sante de Sanctis and D. U. Neyroz, conducted a series of experiments which extended through six months. Nine different persons, four of whom were thoroughly healthy and five of whom had diseased nervous systems, were the subjects of these tests. The general plan of procedure was to wait until after they had fallen asleep and then employ uniform means to awaken them. For this purpose an instrument was used called an esthesiometer. It was made up of a blunt point that might be pressed against the skin, a spiral spring and a carefully graduated scale which showed the degrees of pressure used. The point was applied gently to the sleeper's left temple, and pressed until he awoke, then the scale was examined and notes were made of the hour and minute and of the scale reading. The same person was not awakened more than once or twice a night, but the experiments were so timed that in the course of a few months they covered the whole eight-hour period during which sleep lasted, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, several times over.

These data, having been tabulated, show that the soundest sleep in the four healthy subjects occurred between an hour and a quarter and an hour and a half after dropping off. Unconsciousness rapidly and almost steadily increased during that period, and then in the next quarter or half hour diminished greatly. Thereafter surprising oscillations were detected. On the average, though, the stages of lightest sleep occurred about four and a half and again five and a half hours after the beginning. A short, low, secondary maximum of intensity followed in the next hour and a half or two hours. From this point the decline was rapid to the final awakening.

In epileptics and paralytics very much the same state of things was observed, except that they slept more profoundly than the healthy subjects, and in one person the unconsciousness at the end of fifteen minutes was almost as marked as at an hour and a half.

Flowers a Bride Should Carry.

THE flowers the bride shall carry, writes Martha Coman in "Leslie's Weekly," is a question to be decided by her own individuality, for every girl has her favorite, and her wedding day is a welcome opportunity to make her choice a public one. The bride's bouquet is not invariably of pure white, though the paler colors are more effective and much more acceptable than the deeper ones of red or pink. Lilies of the valley made up into one of the beautiful shower bouquets are about as appropri-

ate for the fair maid as anything, though there are innumerable combinations possible in the way of orchids and violets.

The shower bouquet is rarely successfully turned out by an amateur, and those persons who save the last sweet service of personality arranging the bride's flowers for their own fingers had best not attempt much in the way of a shower. But the palest of pink roses or the beautiful bride roses are at hand and can be easily arranged. The sweet, old-fashioned white lilac is a most acceptable flower to use when the bouquet is put together by loving hands rather than by busy professional ones, and it lends itself easily to an admirable result.

White orchids combined with the delicate green of the Farneyensis fern make a stunning bouquet, especially when the whole is tied lavishly with broad, soft velvet ribbon that matches exactly in shade the delicate petals of the rare exotic. This flower and fern, put together in the form called the "Princess Plume" bouquet, is a most beautiful and effective accessory to the bride's attire.

The violet cuff bouquet was a fad for a time, as was also the Du Barry collar-ette of the same modest but popular flower. The collarette and cuff effects were generally used only for the bride's attendants, the bride herself carrying a huge shower bouquet of white violets. Leghorn hats of white, lavishly decorated with pink roses and tied on with broad streamers of ribbon to match, are very pretty for bridesmaids, and it is then a most effective idea to have the attendants carry only large bunches of waving, feathery, maidenhair fern. Wild sweet-brier roses and apple blossoms are very lovely for floral decorations, but they are rather difficult to manage when it comes to the bouquets, and so they are both more popular for wall and aisle decorations.

Justice Mixed With Humor.

IN a small town in the United States lives an elderly German, who, because of the high esteem in which he is held in the community, has been elected justice of the peace. The old gentleman was recently called upon to decide a most perplexing question.

One of his neighbors is the possessor of a dog. The dog, although not actually vicious, delights in running out of the gate and barking savagely at passers-by. This had been the source of great annoyance to the neighbors, especially to one, who vowed to get even with "the pesky critter." Recently this neighbor was returning from a shooting trip, gun in hand. He was set upon by the dog, whereupon he raised his weapon and fired at the brute. His aim was not very good, and the dog ran yelping, minus his caudal appendage.

The owner of the dog had his neighbor-haled before the old justice on a charge of cruelty to animals, and the court-room was crowded with the partisans of both men. The justice heard the charge, and then the defence that the dog was a dangerous animal and a menace to the neighborhood. The old German thereupon cleared his throat and delivered the dictum:

"Der man—he has been guilty of cruelty to animals." And one side of the court-room applauded the justice of the decision.

"But der tog—he was a vicious tog." And the other side voiced its approval.

"I will fine der man five tollars." Another murmur in the court-room.

"But I will gif him anodder shot at der tog." And both sides cheered.

Historic Last Words.

AT my entrance, Caxton turned from a large tome which he was reading, with a slight air of interruption. "Sorry to interrupt you," I apologized. "Oh, I suppose that's all right," he responded, with returning cordiality. "In fact, I'm rather glad you've happened in, as I want to voice a kick which has occurred to me from reading this book."

"Just what is your author?" I asked. "Why, it's a collection of deathbed utterances made by some ingenious hack. He's patiently ferreted out all the last words of history. And I tell you the way they all affect me. All these final speeches are shot through with egotism. It is strange that when a man is about to step out into the infinite his thought should only be of himself and his own petty part in the world drama. Words from a deathbed have weight. It is a pity that all on record should be tainted with conceit. The pronoun of the first person infects all dying utterances."

"We have this day kindled a fire," say the dissenting martyrs. Nathan Hale irritates us with his "I regret I have only one life."

"Roll up the map of Europe," are Pitt's last, and the colossal conceit of them is not to be surpassed. It is strange that in the moment of supreme vision all sense of perspective should be lost. Why should all the swan songs of literature and history focus attention on the singer?—N. Y. "Tribune."

He Felt Relieved.



"An' fudderm', bredren," declared Parson Snowball, while the revival was in progress, "an' fudderm', I's hyuh ter say dat what we does in dis wold we gwine ter do in de nex'." Here someone in the amen corner set up a wild chorus of "Glory! Glory!" "Who dat done got de grace?" asked Parson Snowball. "Dat's Zeke Johnson. He drives de ice wagon," said one of the deacons, in tones that bordered on sarcasm.

A Shriek from the Sierras.

JAQUIN MILLER, the poet of the Sierras, is "taking on bad" about the British fortifying Esquimaux. Jaquin is a doughty pro-Boer, and he sees the most nefarious designs against the future of the United States in the fact that Canada's color on the map is red. He lets himself loose in the following Fourth of July poem, now going the rounds of the United States papers:

Come, let us light the torch anew.
The old-time torch, in triple flame.
And keep it flaming, fierce and true.
On Freedom's height, in Freedom's name.
Forgive us, Washington, that we
Forgot the time, and turned an ear
To England's clink of gold, to hear
Her siren songs of flattery.
Forgive us, Franklin, Warren, Hale,
As we half believed her; now we know
Her friendship, flattery but show;
Her shot, where bullets fall.

What means this sea-girt citadel,
With guns that shake Pacific shores?
This new Gibraltar, shot and shell
In pyramids piled at our doors?
Shot and shell, and guns that sweep
Our inland seas, Alaska's bay?
What! Needs she those great guns to
Keep the peace in peaceful Canada?
We hear kind words, most cunning fair;
Ye see that fortress rise and rise!
Are kindly words but cunning lies?
What means that fortress there?

The crouching, cat-like lion lifts
A paw to show the claws are sheathed;
Beware the sleek Greek bearing gifts
Of honey with white roses wreathed.
One reached to beg alliance, one
To crush fair Freedom and the Boer,
Or coward lies, or lodyde gun!
Are we but babes? Shall we receive
One outstretched paw, one roeking thug?
Who but a child can but believe
They build to next strike us?

Brave lads of Lexington, brave men
Of Concord farms, who fired the gun
Heard round the world, heard now as
then;
Brave Boer-land or brave Lexington,
We pledge ye this new hundred-year
That you-merged paw, all reeking wet
With Freedom's blood, shall not rule
Nor rest here, reach here, while we live!
Ye gave us Freedom, while we can we
Give back to Freedom than to give
And consecrate this century?

An Aged Woman.

After Paving Three Score and Ten Years
Mrs. Plowman is Cured of Dyspepsia—
A Very Serious Case.

Nothing can render old age more miserable than Dyspepsia. Mrs. Emma Plowman, wife of Alfred Plowman, of New Lowell, Ont., is over seventy years of age, and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have completely cured her of a very bad case of Dyspepsia.

For a few years past Mrs. Plowman has been bothered more or less with Stomach Trouble, which finally culminated in Dyspepsia of a very aggravated form. She tried many dyspepsia cures, but got no relief till she began to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

From the beginning she found some relief, but the improvement in her case was slow. However, she was not discouraged, but determined to keep on till every trace of her old trouble was gone.

She used in all twenty-one boxes before she felt quite sure that her digestive organs were completely restored to a healthy condition.

Now she is enjoying perfect freedom from every symptom of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, and is loud in her praise of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

It seems quite a long treatment, but as Mr. Plowman himself says: "Who would not spend ten dollars and a half to see his wife cured of such a distressing and painful disease?"

While it took twenty-one boxes to effect a cure in the case of this old lady it must be remembered that many cases are cured by a much shorter treatment.

Everything depends on the severity of the case and the general physical condition of the patient.

Some systems respond more quickly and positively to medical treatment than others do. Age has often something to do with this.

Some do not continue the treatment without interruption till cured, but stop the moment relief begins, and thus do not give the remedy a fair chance.

But this is true: There is no case of Stomach Trouble, no matter how acute or of how long standing, that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will not cure if persisted in according to directions.

A Missionary Story.

A MISSIONARY returned from Equatorial Africa told this story at a club the other night:

In this man's territory there was a chief who had resisted every appeal to make him a Christian. He was the biggest man in a sort of confederation of savage tribes, and the missionary knew that if the big chief were once converted the effect would be felt by every native within fifty miles. So the missionary

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kept after him month in and month out, in face of every kind of indifference and rebuff.

At the end of two years the missionary was all but ready to give up, when one day the miracle came to pass—the big chief's heart was touched by the truths of Christianity. The missionary redoubled his efforts, and in two months more the big chief offered himself for baptism.

It looked like a great victory won, until, in examining the new convert, the missionary discovered that according to the chiefly prerogative he had two wives. The missionary expressed his horror, indignation and grief to the chief.

He explained to him how the state of polygamy was a barrier to anyone who wished to become a Christian. Then he prayed with him, and the chief departed, weeping over his unfitness.

But a month later he came again, joyous, devout, and, throwing himself at the missionary's feet, asked for baptism. "My brother," said the missionary, "I cannot baptize you while you are the husband of two wives."

"No two wives, just one wife now," said the chief.

The missionary raised him to his feet. Here was the true penitent.

"My brother," said the missionary, "you make my heart glad. And what did you do with your second wife?" "Um," answered the chief. "She no good; me want be Kistian; me eat her."

Quiet Work.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown.
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity.—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity.
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in
repose.
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with
his toil.
Still do thy quiet ministers move on.
Their glorious task in silence perfecting;
Still working, blinding still our vain turning
noise.
Laborers that shall not fail when man is gone.

—Matthew Arnold.

The World's Best Age.

Most people have no doubt asked themselves at some time or other what part of the world's history would have been best worth living in; it is a favorite topic, on which the superlative degree is often exercised. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the eminent Irish historian, has been heard to vote for the period of Dr.



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Johnson and Mrs. Theale. Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was alive, the Grand Old Man and a group of friends were discussing this same question at Hawarden Castle. Mr. Gladstone, without any hesitation, decided from the intellectual point of view, and expressed the opinion that he would describe a day in ancient Greece, when Athens was at the summit of its glory. Another member of the group chose the day of Pentecost. The effect on Mr. Gladstone is still remembered vividly by those who were present. The intellectual gave way at once to the spiritual, and the aged statesman, "seeming rather ashamed of himself," according to one who was present, asked leave to withdraw his former choice, and to say, "A day with the Lord."—Leslie's Weekly.

Just to Humor Him.

A scorchipped hippopotamus, quite rusted. Objected to a poultice made of custard. "Can't you doctor up my hip?" With something else than hip. So they plastered on his hippopotamus-mustard.

—Princeton "Tiger."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
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'Twas Ever Thus.

And there came unto the sage for counsel an anxious mother leading a small boy.

"Advise me, oh, fount of wisdom," spake she, "concerning my child, who has fallen into evil ways. He will not study, but persists in doling his tasks, that he may idle in the fields and hear the birds sing."

"Alas!" replied he of the perspicacity, "your son has the budding genius microbe in his system. You can do nothing. When he grows up he will cultivate a flowing mane and be a poet. And the public will call him a 'sweet singer' after he has passed away."

Then the woman wept much and bitterly, for it had been her heart's desire that Reginald should follow the gas-fitting trade.—Judge.

Teacher (to class in geography)—And who knows what the people who live in Turkey are called? Class (unanimously)—Turks! Teacher—Right. Now, who can tell me what those living in Austria are called? Little boy—Please, mum, I know. Ostriches!—Judge.



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THE suggestion has been made that the Mendelssohn Choir should give a concert next season in Buffalo, in conjunction with whatever orchestra may be engaged for the two local concerts. The proposal is, I understand, being considered by the executive of the choir, and there is a probability of its being carried out. The scheme, if it can be worked without entailing any financial loss, is one worthy of commendation. The choir will, it is certain, uphold the reputation of Canadian singing in the States, and their finished performance will, I venture to predict, be a veritable surprise to the critical community of Buffalo. The choir will, moreover, have a pleasant outing, and will, of course, be warmly welcomed by the large number of their fellow-countrymen who have taken up their lot with the "Americans" of the lake city. More will be heard of the project later on.

Mr. E. L. Crawford has resigned his position with Trinity Methodist Church choir and has been offered and has accepted the place of baritone soloist at Knox Presbyterian Church.

The London (Eng.) Philharmonic Society celebrated its nineteenth year recently with a concert practically devoted to novelties. The most successful of the new works, it is said, was Sir A. C. Mackenzie's overture to his opera, "The Cricket on the Hearth." It is hailed as the best piece of orchestral work that Sir A. C. Mackenzie has done since his "Britannia" overture. It is full of breezy British melody, for the thematic material is borrowed from several of the airs heard in the opera, such as the song of the "Sparkling Bowl," by singing which Caleb Plummer surprised the guests at the marriage feast; John the Carrier's ditty, "The Stars Above Shine Frosty Bright," and two of the ballads, thoroughly British in style, allotted to Edward, the lover. Another composition of great interest was a new violin concerto in D minor by Mr. Albert Roussel, Jr. The violin part was done full justice to by Mr. Kubelik, especially in the slow movement, which is praised as being a gem. The composer, who is a nephew of the well-known singing professor, is only twenty-two years of age.

Veteran opera-goers in Toronto may remember the favorable impression created by "The Queen of Sheba" on the occasion of its only production here by the American Opera Company and Thomas' orchestra. The composer, Karl Goldmark, has just completed another opera entitled "Goetz von Berlichingen," based on Goethe's famous drama. The work has occupied his time at various intervals for the past ten years, and much is expected of it. Goldmark admits that it will show the influence of Wagner in some respects. In connection with this matter he says: "Whoever composes today has had to pass in some way through Wagner. As regards the treatment of the text, we are all dependent on him. As for myself, I trace my musical descent to Bach and Beethoven; Schumann also had a powerful effect on me. But I cannot deny Wagner's strong influence, too, especially as regards the treatment of the text. Here even Verdi could not escape from Wagner. It was Wagner who first taught us how to make the music follow the action. Formerly words only were set to music and the score consisted of detached numbers. Now the music goes along with the action, and the words are only a medium, with my 'Goetz' I have just followed with my 'Goetz'."

According to the Westminster "Gazette," an ominous crack has just been discovered in one of the most famous bells in the world, the so-called "La Clemence," in the Cathedral of St. Peter at Geneva. It is the bell which was sounded at the "Escalade" of the dark night of St. Thomas day, December 21, 1692, when the 8,000 Savoyards made their attack upon the "Home of Protestantism." The assailants had crept close to the fortifications unobserved, and had planted their ladders, the Jesuit missionaries exhorting them in whispers, "Climb, climb! Every rung of the ladder is a step towards Heaven!" when the loud clanging of "La Clemence" was heard, calling the citizens to arms, and Geneva was rescued. The Savoyards were driven back, and the aged Theodore Beza called the people into the cathedral, where they sang the 124th Psalm. From 1692 to 1901, on every December 21, the now silenced bell has been rung in memory of the Escalade.

The 69th Regimental Band of New York City, conducted by Mr. William Bayne, numbering thirty-eight instrumentalists and four soloists, will be heard in Canada next November. The Canadian tour will be under the direction of Mr. Jones of Brockville, and will comprise twenty-four appearances. The band will travel in their own train of Pullman coaches, diners and baggage cars. This is the first appearance in Canada of this celebrated organization, and it is altogether likely they will be heard by thousands of people in the cities they visit.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, accompanied by Mr. Eduard Parlovitz, the brilliant solo pianist, and Mr. Owen A. Smiley, entertainer, concluded the final concert of their big transcontinental tour which opened at Halifax April 8 last, at Cobourg last Monday evening, before a very large and fashionable audience. Mr. Mills, upon this, his first tour to the far West, was accorded, along with his associates, the most flattering of receptions by very large audiences. The entire tour of fifty-one concerts was managed by Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, who accompanied Mr. Mills and Mr. Parlovitz to Quebec, where they sailed on Wednesday by the "Lake Manitoba" for Liverpool.

Professor Joseph Joachim, as president of the Mendelssohn stipends, announces that two prizes will be awarded in Berlin next October. One of them is for a composer, the other for a performer, and

the amount of each is about \$300. At the same time there will be a distribution of the interest on the sum of 30,000 marks donated by relatives of Mendelssohn on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. The prizes will be awarded regardless of nationality, sex, age, or religion, the only condition being that applicants must have studied at least half a year at some state-supported institution in Germany.

Mr. Aubrey Mittenenthal, the New York impresario, has returned from Italy with a written contract from Mascagni in his pocket. The Italian composer agrees to come to America for a tour in October, the engagement to open at the Metropolitan Opera House on the 6th of that month. After four performances and one concert there, Mascagni and his company will proceed on a tour across the continent extending for fifteen weeks. Mr. Mittenenthal had considerable trouble in inducing Mascagni to make an agreement. In the first place, Mascagni has a dread of the ocean; and, in the second place, he exacted several onerous conditions, among them being that he should engage every solo singer of the company, as well as the orchestra, and that he himself is to receive a salary of \$8,000 a week. He asserts that his operas have never been properly given outside of Italy. The operas to be produced will be "Cavalleria," "Amico Fritz," "Iris," and "Ratcliffe," which last named has never been heard in America, although popular in Italy. It is not stated that Mascagni is coming to Toronto, but that is among the probabilities.

Mrs. H. Klingensfeld, wife of Mr. Klingensfeld, the well-known violinist, is in Toronto on a short visit, and is staying at 117 Pembroke street.

Mr. Frank R. Anstey, the promising piano pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, sailed from New York on Wednesday by the "St. Louis" for Germany, where he intends to study for a year or two.

Speaking of Mascagni, who is the director of the Pesaro Lyceum, the Italian Opera School, Mr. George Alton of Chicago, who has recently returned from Italy, where he fell in with people who had met the composer, and who had visited him at his home, related the following: "Mascagni's stock of English words is limited to 'Good-bye,' 'New York,' 'Philadelphia,' and 'San Francisco.' When he meets an American who does not talk Italian or French, and who greets him with a 'Good-day' or 'I'm glad to meet you,' he replies, 'Good-bye.' Sometimes he varies the formula by saying 'New York.' He lives on one of the floors over the Pesaro Lyceum, in twelve or more great rooms, and in each room he has a piano. There are pictures of himself, photographs, sketches and cartoons in great numbers all about, and he smokes all the while long, stogy sort of things which cost two cents each. However, he keeps cigars for his friends."

Probably few persons ever stop to think till their attention is called to it, how very prominent a role music plays in their lives, altogether apart from the opera and the concert hall. As Smith N. Penfield remarks, in the "Musician": "All through life music is our vade mecum. We serenade our sweethearts; we are married to the strains of music; we dance to its measures; we are welcomed into the church by its anthems; we go to war stirred on by its martial strains; when in trouble we are soothed, and when weary we are refreshed by music; and when we die, Chopin's funeral march is our requiem." Mr. Penfield thinks that more time should be given to this important art in the United States schools; and he urges that all scholars who are reported to the school teachers as taking piano lessons should have certain hours allotted to them for their music lessons and practice, and not have to add it at the end of a day already filled with routine school duties.

Edith Lynwood Winn, says the New York "Post," puts her finger on the weak spot of music-teaching abroad when she declares that the teachers never enquire whether the pupils come to prepare for the concert stage, the quiet town teaching, boarding-school teaching, or the simple life of a cultured home. "They try to grind us all out after one plan. They teach the same concertos, the same sonatas, and the same études year after year, and they wonder why we Americans tire of this pedagogic stuffing. What we Americans do not get in Europe is practical teaching. A friend of mine spent one-half year in the Berlin University studying the early life of Goethe. When she came back to America she knew nothing of Goethe's best works. So it is with music study over there."

What the Public Wants in Holiday Time.

A Little Sad Hour. A Royal Model.

THE traveling public in holiday time acts very much like a child—not always a good child, either. It is a task worthy of a social Napoleon, a saint and a sympathetic sinner in one to manage it for its good. The traveling public is apt to fly all to pieces over some small grievance or inconvenience, and, in its excited and unsettled condition, to go blabbing its woes to anyone who will listen. You and I, as members of the holiday traveling public, have done and heard done plenty of wailing and resentment. To soothe and exhort and sweeten the traveling public is something akin to stopping the howling of a cross baby. The main argument should be something to distract and amuse it. Just as soon as the traveling public has something definite to do its condition of complaint is ameliorated. When its quarrel is with its hotel accommodation it is very apt to rush at its belongings, pack them helter-skelter into its boxes, and demand its bill. If the exertion of packing has been very great, it is often possible to placate the spent and satisfied nervous grumbler, and the work of unpacking and some judicious humoring and flattery often reduces the traveler from a raging torrent to a placid and contented stream. Those who cater to the traveling public in cities have little concern about amusing them; the city sights and sounds satisfy the passing visitor amply, but, added to the responsibility of housing and feeding the traveling public, the unhappy wight who undertakes managing a country summer resort has also to be well provided with means of diversion for his cross child, his

spoiled child, or his well and happy child, as it may occur to the fates to present the traveling public to him. Just as soon as the inevitable wrangle about accommodation is safely over and the first meal criticized, the traveling public wants to be supplied with amusement. It does not, as so many believe, go to the country to sit on the verandah and fan itself and read the gossip and smoke everlastingly. That is what it is so often reduced to, owing to the shortcomings of its guardians, but it isn't what it prefers or should be given. The other day I called at a summer resort, and was amazed, having heard of its popularity, to find it deserted. Not even a bathing suit hung from the fences, window-sills or rails. Except for an old lady who slowly pushed a baby wagon with a snoring wee thing in it, as she sat in a shady corner of the piazza, there wasn't a sign of life on the lawn or vicinity. Only that every window was wide open one would have fancied it an overlooked resort. I gently remarked to the proprietor that no doubt the season was backward, many were abroad, and the far-famed popularity of his place had felt the depression consequent on such chances. "But I have no rooms vacant, and I won't have any until September," said he contentedly. I stared at him.

"Where are your people gone?" I asked. "Well, some of them have gone fishing with my son, and my wife is taking a load of young folks to the barbecue. It's her birthday, and they got up the party, and there's a ping-pong tournament of twelve hard at work in the laundry (we don't use 'em days and Saturdays). The rest of 'em must be playing golf. I guess. I saw a lot going out early, and we put up about a dozen golf luncheons. Oh, you just wait around until six o'clock and you'll see and hear 'em! Jolliest lot of young and old folks we've ever had on the place." I waited, and they came. First some riot and jolly looking maids, a laundress at their head, who had been in a little lunch to one of the "shops" on the lake to buy sundry small matters of candy and flowers and little dainties for the birthday supper of their employer. Then the fishermen and girls, tired, sunburnt and proud of their catch, and wrathfully about some smart people who had fished and caught tiny fishes, "way below the right weight," said a girl with bare arms and an autograph hat. Then the "hay-riders," with the rosy, brisk celebrant at their head, full of descriptions of the barbecue, and as interested in the fish as were the fishers. "Are there enough for supper?" asked one girl, amid shouts of "Oh, that's a three-pounder just for you!" from a big fellow in a jersey, to whom the girl gave a delightful look and smile. In a jiffy the men had disappeared, and presently the bobbing of many heads in the soft water of the lake. "We'll have time for a bath, if we hurry," cried a small girl, "one on!" and away they went in another direction, and were seen waving, splashing and swimming on a lovely, sandy beach. "I make 'em keep their bathing suits in the bath-house. I can't abide wet clothes strung out over the rails and fences," the mistress said. "We put quite a heap of money into our bath-houses. The men have a plunge and the ladies and children have a beach that can't be beat on the lakes—white sand, and scarcely a pebble. That netted place is for the very little ones. They are perfectly safe. There is a playground and swings and rustic summer house for them up the hill, away from the water, and we never see them around the house at all." "You are good to the children," I remarked. "Well, when they are treated right, children are good," said the woman, gently. "We've got none of our own, but 'dopted ones." "They are a good deal like grown-up folks," remarked the old lady with the baby-wagon, which brings me back to my first conclusion that the traveling holiday public responds very pleasantly to kind and judicious handling.

A letter has come this week addressed "To Our Lady Gay," and its contents have touched that spring of sympathy which is only the store of the coming and the departing of a little girl, who had from her birth that angelic quality which one almost dreads to delight in. Perhaps most of us have known one such little girl, whose eyes looked straight from heaven at us, whose perfection of form and peace of mind impressed us as only Nature's perfect works do—the June moonlight, the glorious sunrise and sunset—anything which God has made and man has not spoiled. Well, this little girl is only now a sacred memory with her people, and some of them writes to me of the coming and the going, sure of comprehension and sympathy. I am not given to sentiment, nor do I believe in making much outcry when I am hurt myself, but I am "easy," as the lad says, when anyone else is having a bad time. The parents find conventional religion, philosophy, and even their own admirable "grit" all inadequate to meet the going of Margaret, and the desolation of the home place where she dwelt. Perhaps if I suggested that Margaret is not gone very far it might be unorthodox, but it would be my belief. For love such as her perfection awakened does not measure distance in miles. We have all seen our Margarets step out of our sight, but some of us cannot honestly say we have lost them. It just depends on ourselves whether we can have them near us or not and take great pleasure and comfort in them. We are so often like very little timid ones who cannot be satisfied unless mother's touch is about them. And sometimes it happens that when the touch we wait for cannot come, we turn to some kind and sympathetic alien, just as my friend has turned to me. If there be an equal response in the Creator in proportion as must arise in any heart of man to such an appeal, and if any comfort comes with honest sympathy, one can fully realize how "the round world may be bound with cords of prayer about the feet of God."

The attitude of England towards her uncrowned King is the most wonderful thing ever recorded. There has been a stirring of the emotions in the reserved and shy Briton of which he quite forgets to be ashamed. And the masterful will of the King, his patience and judgment and cheerfulness and thoughtfulness will never be excelled in a ruler. The circumstances which have all his life kept King Edward playing a petty second fiddle night on their removal have left us with any sort of an objectionable ruler; instead they have shown us a king who seems to develop more and more

of excellence, devotion and true worth and high courage every day. A more gallant invalid never waited for enough strength to receive a crown, and no king ever sounded deeper the hearts of his people at home and abroad than the gentleman whom some of us remember as a sunny-haired, demure, but sufficiently wide-awake and boyish lad, when he visited us over forty years ago. There is a little wee girl whom I take great delight in hearing say her improvised prayer for His Majesty, "God make the nice old King all well, and give him a golden crown for ever and ever. Amen." What it lacks in respectful wording it makes up in earnestness.

LADY GAY.

When the lodging-house was afire one night, Mike hurried his breeches on wrong side before and jumped from the window. One of the first persons he encountered was his employer. "Are you hurt, Mike?" "I fished no pain, sor," was the reply as Mike took a puzzled front view of himself, "but I must have received a mighty bad twist, sor."

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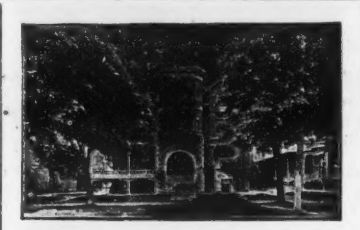
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Niagara Notes.

THE ping-pong party which took place on Friday afternoon was possibly the most attractive of the many bright entertainments that have been held on the grounds of the Queen's Royal, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, this season. The tables were placed on the terrace, and, there being neither sun nor wind to interfere with the comfort of the participants, the result was some very swift play. When the finals were reached it was remarked, with some amusement, that things had taken a most unexpected turn, and had developed into something like an international contest, the honors of the Stars and Stripes being strongly upheld by Miss Sizer of Buffalo, while Miss Birdie Warren of Toronto fought in the interest of the Union Jack, and carried it through to victory. While tea and lemonade were being indulged in, after the play, the prizes were presented—to Miss Warren, a very pretty photo frame of burnt wood, and to Miss Sizer a very latest thing in a ping-pong racket. Among the "also rans" who put up an extra good game were Mrs. E. W. Sizer, the Misses Finley of Watertown, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. J. Peyton Clark of Baltimore, Miss Florsheim, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Clark of Toronto, Mr. Arthur Bruce, Mr. E. Parry of Buffalo, Captain Whitla, Miss Toller, Mr. Medera, Mrs. Canovan, Mr. E. Byron Hostetter. Noticed among the spectators were Dr. and Mrs. Walker of Toronto, Mrs. W. S. Sizer of Buffalo, Mrs. and Miss Moore, Mrs. S. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Collins of Albion, N.Y. The tournament was voted such a success that it has been determined to make it a weekly feature. This week play will be arranged on the handicap basis, the scores made Friday being used for the purpose. In addition to the large entry list of the first tournament there are already quite a number of new entries, and an exciting contest is looked for. Prizes for both winner and runner-up have been promised. It is suggested that inter-city matches might be arranged between players representing Toronto, Buffalo, Rochester and perhaps one or two others.

The arrival of Mrs. W. S. Sizer of Buffalo and her popular daughters, who have taken the house of Mr. George K. Birge for the remainder of the summer, is cause for much rejoicing among their many friends.

Miss Lillian Anderson left here on Wednesday morning en route for the coast, where she will remain for some months, the guest of Mrs. Ker of Vancouver. She was accompanied as far as North Bay by her father, Dr. Anderson, who returned the beginning of the week. During his absence his practice was in charge of Dr. Nattress of Toronto.

So much regret has been felt among the many friends of Mrs. Charles Hunter at her protracted illness that it will be a source of great satisfaction to them to learn that she is able to be about once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs of Ottawa will occupy the residence of Mr. Barnard for the season.

Mr. Urquhart Colquhoun, the well-known journalist of Toronto, and Miss Colquhoun, have taken the Winthrop cottage for the remaining summer months.

Miss Laura Hanson, who has been a very bright and popular visitor at Niagara for some time past, returned to her home in Montreal last week.

The Misses Winnett, who for a short trip to New York and other points, Miss Mary Garrett left on Friday for Toronto, where she will be the guest of Mrs. McCrae of Parkdale.

Mr. Ed Colston, the genial president of the Cincinnati Golf Club, with Mrs. Colston and Misses Judith and Sallie Colston, arrived at Niagara-on-the-Lake in their private car (Queen and Crescent route) on Thursday of last week, and will be guests of the Queen's Royal for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Joyce and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Taylor, who are popular members of the Buffalo Golf Club, are spending a few weeks at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Clark of Toronto are so enthusiastic golfers, Rev. Murray Bartlett of Rochester is another who delights in the mysteries of the "gutta." There is, in fact, a very lively interest in the royal and ancient game this season, which has of late become so keen that the professional of the Toronto Golf Club has been brought over to give instruction to aspirants in the "art." No trouble or expense is being spared by the local club to put its links into the best possible condition, and several team matches with other clubs have already been arranged for. The local team will be captained by the very popular president of the club, Mr. Charles Hunter, who has few equals as a golfer in Canada. Saturday there will be a tea in the club house.

Mr. I. B. Bowes, well known in connection with the Illinois Central Railway, with Mrs. and Miss Bowes, has left home (Louisville, Ky.) for the summer and is at present at the Queen's Royal.

Among the Pittsburgh people who are summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake are Mr. and Mrs. J. Fahnestock, Miss Fahnestock, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Torrance, Mrs. A. E. Black, Mr. and Mrs. D. McK. Lloyd and the Misses Lloyd, all of whom are registered at the Queen's Royal.

Bowling on the green started in earnest at the Queen's on Tuesday afternoon, when two rinks were organized among the guests to compete in the Ontario Bowling Association tournament, which will be held here about the middle of August.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Higbee, U.S. Marine Corps, and his charming young wife, arrived from New York last week, and are guests at the Queen's.

Mr. J. Peyton Clark of Baltimore is proving the life of the place down at the Queen's Royal. He and Mrs. Clark arrived here tennis week, and there has not been a dull moment since. Mr. Clark will take a hand at anything, from ping-pong to golf, and from an eloquent discussion of weighty topics on Sunday to an exhibition of the mysteries of the shell game on Monday—for the amusement of the young (?) people.

Messrs. V. J. Kent and Hugh Labatt of London, C. B. Oddie of New York, P. J. Whitelaw of Chicago, are among the popular young men visiting at the Queen's.

for the hop, which, as usual, was a very jolly affair.

Among those dancing were Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Collins, Albion, N.Y., the Misses Colston of Cincinnati, Miss Fleischmann, the Misses Finley, Mrs. Geddes, Mr. Ernest Lansing, Mr. Howard, Mr. Medera, Mr. E. Byron Hostetter, Messrs. Florsheim and Fell, Miss Florsheim, Miss Garrett, Mr. Hugh Labatt, Mr. Kent and Mr. McAnaney.

The informal dances given every Wednesday at the Queen's Royal this season did fair to become as popular as the regular Saturday hops.

Recent arrivals at the Queen's Royal are Mrs. B. G. Hubbell and Miss Mary Hubbell of Cleveland, Mrs. A. E. Austin and Mrs. Joseph Harvey of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. James Burdall and Mr. and Mrs. George Alter of Cincinnati, Mrs. W. E. Collins and Miss Rught Collins of Hartford, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Montgomery and the Misses Montgomery of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Water, whose wedding was one of the June events in Buffalo, arrived from Cleveland on Saturday, and will spend the month of August with Mrs. Water's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Fleischman, at their beautiful summer home on the lake front. Mrs. Waters will long be remembered at Niagara-on-the-Lake as lovely Miss Clara Fleischman, the belle of several seasons.

The Rev. George B. Richards of the Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, is spending a few days here, as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fleischman.

AMEN.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, July 24.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Grace Doane, daughter of Mrs. S. M. Doane of 108 St. Patrick street, Toronto, and Mr. Stuart S. Arnoldi, second son of Mr. Arnoldi of Osgoode Hall, will take place on August 20.

Mrs. W. Gerald Mossman of Prescott is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hutchins at "Idylwild," Balmy Beach.

A unique and pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Tovell, when their eldest daughter, Lizzie, was married to Mr. Charles A. Bastedo of Toronto. The ceremony was performed on the lawn, where a lovely chapel had been built of green vines and flowers, under the spreading boughs of two giant trees. Standing in this charming greenwood chapel, Rev. C. J. James read the beautiful Church of England service. Miss Laura Tovell, sister of the bride, attended her, and Dr. Harold Clarkson of Toronto was best man. The bride wore her traveling dress, a handsome costume of brown cloth, with trimmings, and blouse of biscuit silk, hat to match. The bridesmaid's dress was pink mousseline de soie. The bride carried a bouquet of bride roses, and the bridesmaid pink roses. The groom's presents to the bride were a pearl pendant and a handsome piano, and to the bridesmaid a pearl ring. The display of presents was very

attractive. The wardens of St. Thomas' Church presented her with a very handsome oak secretary, the choir gave her a lovely bronze clock, and the chancel guild a pearl crescent, and her associate teachers in school a hand-painted vase. She has been remembered generously by her Hamilton friends, as well as by friends and relatives in Ottawa, Toronto, Dayton, Ohio, etc. The wedding was very quiet, only immediate relatives and a few intimate friends being invited. After visiting Albany, New York, etc., Mr. and Mrs. Bastedo will reside in Spadina avenue, Toronto.

Miss Mabel Shaw of Crescent road, Rosedale, has returned from a visit with her friend, Miss Chown, of "Westbourne," Grimsby Park.

Mrs. Willie Ince and her family are at the Minnewaska, Muskoka Bay. Mrs. and Miss Catto and Mrs. Rennie returned from Muskoka on Tuesday. Miss Quinlan and Miss Temple Dixon have spent the past few days at the Royal Muskoka. They went up last Friday.

Mr. Baker and Mr. Hope of Hamilton spent the week at the Royal Muskoka. Mr. H. P. Dwight has also been there for some time.

Mrs. D. E. Cameron, who has been the guest of Mrs. Newton May, has gone on to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith left for England last week.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto return from England to-morrow.

Mr. Cawthra Mulock has gone to visit Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther at Fairview, Lake Rosseau.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa have returned from England. Mrs. Septimus Denison is at her residence, "Ackichoo," Lake Muskoka, for the summer.

The Burns statue was unveiled in Allan Gardens on Monday afternoon. Mrs. David Walker having the honor of performing the gracious act. The hearts of many Scotchmen are made glad now that their dear bard is duly honored in Toronto, and the magnificent oration given by Dr. Clark of Trinity, an Aberdeen to the core, was one of his many cultured oratorical gems of speech. The venerable Dr. Kennedy moved him a vote of thanks at its close.

Last Tuesday Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C. M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, celebrated his eighty-second birthday. A very fine portrait of the veteran statesman is taking its last touches in the studio of Mr. A. Dickson Patterson.

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Much sympathy is expressed for Signor Sacco of Toronto University in the loss of his son. And also regrets are heard for the bereavement which has come to Mr. Mahlon Cowan, M.P., in the loss of his father, an old and esteemed resident of Leamington.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Bruce has retired from the command of the Royal Grenadiers and Major George Stinson succeeds him. As I mentioned some months ago, this change gives the Grens a young commanding officer who can vie with Colonel Pellatt of the Q.O.B. in doing things for and with his regiment.

The following names are recently registered as guests at The Belvidere, Parry Sound, Ont.: Mr. H. W. Davidson, Mr. J. Reginald Davidson, Miss Mabel Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George Scribner and two children, Miss Marguerite Scribner, Mr. A. W. Barnard, Mr. C. H. Galbraith, Mr. T. C. Begg, Mr. Hugh W. Roger, Miss Helen C. Allen, Mr. T. J. Humphrey, Mr. P. J. Abbs, Mr. W. H. Gray, Mr. James M. Craven, Miss Maggie Houston, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. J. Hardwell, Mr. Frank J. Watson, Mr. L. C. Owen, Dr. E. F. Thompson, Dr. H. S. Waldorf, Miss Alice Dennis, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Sherwood, Mr. Dwight J. Turner, Mr. Alfred Haines, Mr. W. H. Gold, Mr. J. W. Sifton, Mr. William B. Smith, Mrs. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomp-

son, Mrs. F. B. Emery and child, Master Ira B. Thomson, Miss Marguerite Thomson, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Miss Beatty, Miss Gussie Beatty, Miss Aston, Miss Gertie Aston, Mr. L. C. Owen, Mr. H. J. Compton, Mr. Edward E. Myer, Mrs. W. B. Hawkins, Miss E. G. Owen, Miss Sarah Sinclair, Mr. B. Simpson, Mr. Stafford Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Colleen, Mr. George Kerr, Mr. A. Jergens, Mr. A. Jergens, Jr., Mr. A. Newbawn, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Chaffin, Miss Chaffin, Mr. Laurence Conley, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Graham, Mr. J. F. Macklin, Mr. W. Howard Ogborn, Mr. J. H. Bertrand, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ruddy, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hodgkinson, Mr. E. Pierre, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lyon, Miss Coy, Master Harvey Green, Miss A. E. Dennis, Mr. E. B. Looker, Mr. E. Behr, Miss Evelyn Graham, Mr. H. L. Tibbets, Mr. H. J. Bartlett, Mr. A. L. Larkin and son, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Spiers, Mr. Guy H. Long, Mr. C. B. Jackes, Miss Jackes, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Millard, Mr. Henry Hilgemann, Mr. J. A. Brown, Mr. James B. Mitchell, Mr. J. B. Vallentyne, Mr. C. Bott, Mr. A. H. Perfect, Mr. B. D. Angell, Mr. Carol F. Dutler, Mr. William Younger, Mr. George F. Davis, Mr. M. Jacoby, Mr. J. B. Boyer, Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mr. Harold Ball, Miss Kitty Thomas, Mr. Douglas L. Darnock, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Hoy, Mr. J. E. Spence, Mr. A. T. Cook, Mr. J. O'Keefe, Rev. Dr. Tracy, Mr. Frank M. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. H. Jones, Miss Forbes, Miss Auld, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Mackay, Mrs. Bruce, the Misses Bruce, Miss Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Graves, Messrs. W. P. and E. T. Betts, Mrs. J. B. Vallentyne, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Till and two children, Mr. and

Mrs. T. S. Carman, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Griffin, Miss J. Griffin, Mrs. Cline, Mr. Arthur Newton, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. C. C. Wilson, maid and child, Mrs. N. Humphrey, Mr. H. B. Mundorff, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Warren, Mr. P. O'Neill, Mr. Walter P. Johnson, Miss O. M. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kohn, the Misses Kohn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Mixer, Miss E. B. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lee, nurse and baby.

Miss Lou McGuire has left the city for Cobourg and Victoria Harbor, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley and Miss Sara E. Bradley of 130 Seaton street have gone to Old Orchard, Maine, for the holidays.

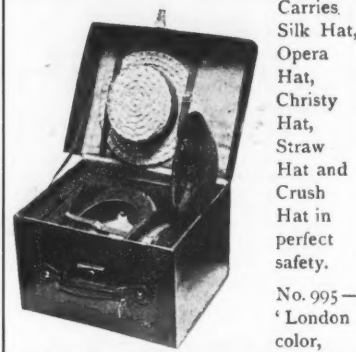
Miss Ethel Hughes is spending a few weeks in the vicinity of Buffalo.

The following guests are registered at Trondyke Beach House, Orillia: Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sharpe of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lewis, Mr. B. Lewis, Master Stanley M. Lewis, Miss Maclean Lewis, and maid, all of Milwaukee; Mr. E. O. Herring, Sebright; Mrs. C. E. Vardon, Miss D. Vardon, Toronto; Mr. H. Harris, Toronto; Mr. B. Lewers, Toronto; Mrs. Judson Stackhouse, Mr. Donald Stackhouse, Masters Cecil and Gordon Stackhouse, Miss Grace Stackhouse, all of Buffalo; Mr. F. S. Clark, Toronto; Mr. Walter A. Buchanan, Toronto; Mrs. D. A. Robson, Mr. Will Robson, Miss Olga Robson, all of Toronto; Mr. A. D. McMillan, Barrie; Mr. Colin Campbell, Collingwood; Mr. Charlie Calderwood, Atherley; Mr. H. W. Coates, Toronto;

Miss Ethel McKinlay, Orillia; Miss Estell L. Lewers, Toronto.

Miss Alice Willson, B.A. of Haverall College, has returned to Toronto, after spending a year abroad in the study of modern languages. At the recent examinations of the Sorbonne, Paris, Miss Willson was successful in obtaining the "Certificat d'Etudes Françaises," the highest certificate in French for which foreigners may compete at the University of Paris.

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Macpherson—July 17, Islington, Mrs. J. A. L. Macpherson, a son.
Osborne—July 18, Toronto, Mrs. Frank Hotchkiss Osborne, a son.
Creighton—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Creighton, a son.
Carscadden—July 17, Windermere, Mrs. A. J. G. Carscadden, a son.
Fitch—July 11, Toronto, Mrs. C. A. Fitch, a daughter.
Doel—July 21, Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Doel, a daughter.
Ross—July 21, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Ross, a daughter.
Sampson—July 22, Montreal, Mrs. Arthur R. Sampson, a son.
Craw—July 16, Thornton, Mrs. (Rev.) Geo. Ingram Craw, a son.
Hayes—July 17, Toronto, Mrs. E. J. Hayes, a daughter.

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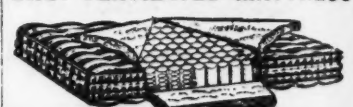
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Clarkson—July 22, Toronto, Mrs. G. T. Clarkson, a daughter.

Marriages.
Winchester—Butler—July 17, Parkdale, John Winchester, K.C., to Minnie M. Butler.
Mill—Ailing—July 8, London, Eng., William Hamilton Mill to Louise Floyd Ailing.
Knox—Crozier—July 16, Ashburn, Rev. W. J. Knox to Jean Crozier.
Brooks—Cooper—July 16, Toronto, William Brooks to Lillie A. Cooper.
Golding—Watts—July 16, Toronto, H. P. Golding to Constance L. M. Watts.
Nichol—Horn—July 17, Toronto, Harry B. Nichol to Teresa M. Horn.
Osborne—Bath—July 19, Toronto, Henry Campbell Osborne to Marian Bath.
Davidson—Taylor—July 10, Aldershot, England, Rev. Gilbert Farquhar Davidson, M.A., to Marion Jane Taylor.
Richards—Butterworth—July 22, Toronto, Edward Richards to Fannie Butterworth.
Brock—Dent—Montreal, Reginald Arthur Brock to Dorothy Dent.

Deaths.
King—July 17, Toronto, Mrs. J. B. King, Wilson—July 17, Toronto, Mary A. Wilson.
Morrow—July 12, Peterboro', Thomas Morrow, aged 64.
Robb—July 17, Toronto, Andrew Robb, aged 72.
Glasford—July 18, Owen Sound, Fred Roy Glasford.
Stewart—July 20, Montreal, John F. Stewart, aged 52.
Turnbull—July 20, Toronto, James Turnbull, aged 71.
Webb—July 18, Toronto, Charles Webb, aged 33.
Kennedy—July 19, St. Catharines, John Kennedy, aged 39.
Whitney—July 18, Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Whitney, aged 52.
Beach—July 19, drowned in Lake Simcoe, William Godkin Beach.
Bilton—July 21, Toronto, Russell George Bilton, aged 21.
Barker—July 21, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Jane Barker.
McAllister—July 21, near Galt, Rev. James McAllister, aged 75.

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